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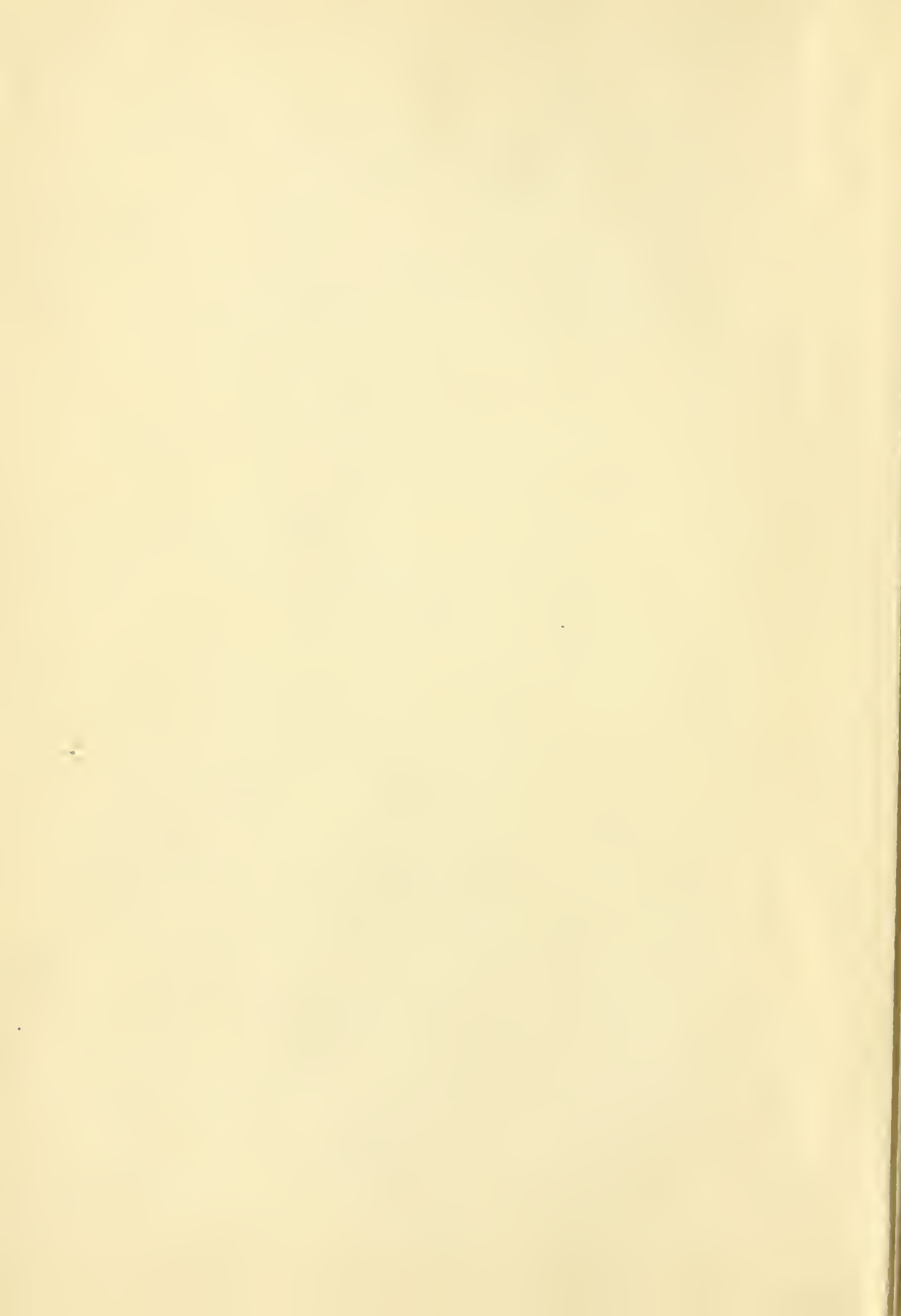
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Col. Jos. D. Potts,

in the kind regard of

Wm. B. Potts

1871

Lancaster

Gossler









AN OLD TURNPIKE-ROAD.



AN  
OLD TURNPIKE-ROAD;

WITH MERE MENTION  
OF  
SOME PERSONS AND PLACES  
INCIDENT THERETO.

BY  
JACOB L. GOSSLER.

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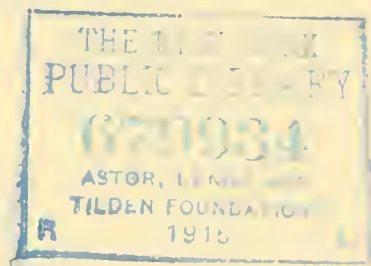
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NEW YORK :  
THE BAKER & TAYLOR Co.

1888.

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PRESS OF JENKINS & McCOWAN,  
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## DEDICATION:

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These pages are affectionately dedicated to

MY WIFE,

to please whom they were prepared, and at whose request they have been printed, for distribution among a few whom we are glad to call "Our Friends."





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## “Far-off Hills Are Green,”

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S an Irish or Scotch proverb. As we advance in years, we are apt to think that the golden days of our lives are the days that are past and gone. I do not share in this belief. I think to-day is the very best day the world has ever seen, and that to-morrow, when it comes, will be still better. 'Tis

“A glorious world,  
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled  
To music suddenly.”

However this may be, we have, all of us—like Lot's wife—the desire to look back. Old men shake their heads and sigh for the “good old times ;” and young men, coming up from the country to our large cities, look, lingeringly, back to the old home, and think that, by and by, when their fortunes shall have been made, they will return thither and spend their later days in peace and quiet and contentment—will “sit on the veranda and see the sun go down.” Generally, that time never comes ; to most of us the ships will *not* come from over the seas, the castles *will*, persistently, remain in Spain. Sometimes—very rarely—the dream

is realized ; but " it is only a dream at the best," for the hills that were green afar off, become brown and bare and desolate as we approach them ; and the streams that flashed so brightly in " the light of other days," dwindle to commonplace rivulets as we come near to them.

All this to the contrary, I love to indulge in the privilege of looking back upon old scenes, and gossiping about by-gone times and events. Those times and scenes have recently been recalled by viewing three paintings, of which a friend of mine in a neighboring city is the fortunate possessor.\* The pictures represent the three stages of transportation in this country, or, rather, in Pennsylvania. The first, the wagon period, up to 1834 ; the stage-coach halting at the country tavern, while the Conestoga wagon, with its six sturdy horses and the " big dog " underneath, is moving toward it. The third and last picture is a spirited view of a modern railway train (perhaps the " Chicago Limited ") crossing the Susquehanna by the bridge a few miles west of Harrisburg, Pa. It is an attractive scene : the bridge, nearly one mile in length, the rocky river flowing below, the sluggish canal on the eastern bank, with high hills—almost mountains—coming down abruptly to the river. The hills are higher than those forming the famous Delaware Water Gap, and the view up and down the Susquehanna more beautiful, and only less remarkable because of the broader river and wider gap.

\* Mr. H. H. Houston, of Philadelphia.

The second painting shows a more placid scene. The Pennsylvania Canal—say between 1834 and 1853, and considered a wonderful engineering work when constructed—with a slow freight boat and a swifter packet, both drawn by three patient-looking horses, in the foreground, with the Alleghany Mountains and the inclined planes of the old Portage Railway in the distance. There were ten of these planes, five on either side of the mountains, with "levels" ranging from one to ten miles between, making the distance by railway from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown about forty miles. At Hollidaysburg, on the eastern side, the canal terminated, and the freight and passengers were transferred to cars and transported by railway to Johnstown, on the western side of the mountains, where another transfer was made to boats, which were "towed" to Pittsburgh.

After the construction of the railway to Columbia, a large portion of the freight was transported from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—three hundred and fifty miles—without transfer, by means of "section-boats" (*i. e.*, canal-boats apparently cut in two), which were fastened on trucks, carried by rail to Columbia, where, by means of an inclined track, they were let down into the canal, the two sections, freed from the wheels, locked together and floated to Hollidaysburg, where, by another inclined track, they were elevated to the railway again; and at Johnstown, on the other side of the mountains, again placed in the canal and floated to Pittsburgh. This system, which worked admirably and economically, was the invention of JOHN DOUGHERTY—of Mount Union, a small village in Huntingdon County,

Pa. — who died, in Pittsburgh, November, 1886, aged eighty-three years. The late Mr. Eads simply elaborated John Dougherty's idea or invention (instead of two, a dozen or more submerged tracks) in his proposed ship-railway across the Isthmus. It is, in my opinion, much more feasible and reliable, as well as less expensive, than the much-talked of De Lesseps ship canal.

The section-boats have long since disappeared ; the Canal is only a ditch, and the old Portage Road itself has been abandoned. In its place is the magnificent Pennsylvania Railway, which surmounts the mountains with comparatively easy grades and lightning speed. At Cresson, where there is now an immense and beautiful hotel, the summer visitors drive or walk out to view the " Planes " and the old road-bed, almost obliterated, of what was once deemed one of the most remarkable achievements of the age ! And so it was !

The canal-boats—"packets"—for passengers were not as graceful as the Venetian gondolas; but they were furnished, as the gondolas are now, with a curved, sickle-shaped knife on the prow, which, during the excitement of a race—say to reach a lock—served to cut the tow-line of an opposition boat. The interior consisted of a simple saloon, extending nearly the entire length of the boat; the sides were lined with seats, which, at night, were easily converted into bunks, or sleeping-berths. These, if not so elegant in their appointments, were quite as comfortable as the modern sleeping-cars. The saloon was also the dining-room; at the stern was the kitchen, presided over, generally, by a "colored



cook." This apartment was, necessarily, very limited; and the wonder was how so much really excellent and well-cooked food could be turned out from so small a space. The canal commenced at Columbia; but after the completion of the railway to Harrisburg, passengers for the West took the boat at that place. I well remember a trip to Pittsburgh on one of these "packets;" the pleasant company on board, the excellent meals, the placid and, but for the beautiful and changing scenery, rather monotonous journey—varied however, by occasional walks over the hills, "short cuts," to avoid the windings of the canal, which clung close to the river. At Clark's Ferry, about fifteen miles west of Harrisburg, we crossed the Susquehanna to the "Blue Juniata." This beautiful little river we followed to Hollidaysburg.

The key bugle—now superseded by the cornet—was at that time a favorite instrument; and the best boats were provided with professional "Buglers," who, from time to time, entertained the tourists and travelers with stirring strains, that echoed and re-echoed among the hills. In earlier days it was my ambition to excel as a stage-driver; but after this trip, noticing the popularity of the performer on the bugle, my great aim and desire was to become an expert player on that formidable and breath-exhausting instrument. One of the most remarkable of these performers was a native of Columbia; the boys of the village looked upon him with awe, and considered him as its most distinguished citizen. On his periodical returns he was received "with all the honors." Unfortunately for Columbia,

his fame soon extended beyond the narrow limits of the canal: he was, to our great regret, promoted to the "buglership" of an Ohio River steamboat, from the decks of which he, for many years, "sent the wild echoes flying" through the Ohio hills, and among the bayous of the lower Mississippi River, between Pittsburgh and New Orleans.

At one point on our journey, there was said to be a wonderful echo; and our captain, who was as proud of his boat as any commander of his ship, anxious to entertain his passengers, assembled them on deck one morning, after breakfast, to hear this famous echo. "Hello there!" said the captain, "Hello, yourself!" replied the echo. "What are you doing there?" shouted the captain; and promptly came back, in thunder tones, "None of your blanked business!" The performance came to a sudden close, and the good captain, mortified beyond measure, retired, precipitately, below deck. He was either mistaken in the locality or had "woke up" the wrong echo.

At Hollidaysburg we left the boat, and took the cars over the Old Portage Railway. As we ascended plane after plane, the air became purer and cooler, and more exhilarating. Reaching the "Summit," twenty-three or twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, the view was extensive and beautiful, revealing far-off and pretty villages—among them, Ebensburg, the loftiest county-town in Pennsylvania; and Loretto, near by, founded by Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, Prince and Priest, who came to America in 1792, and in 1799 removed to this bleak spot in Cambria County, where he spent the



remainder of his life and fortune for his Church—a few silvery water-falls, and the rills and rivulets that form the Juniata on the eastern, and the Conemaugh on the western, slope of the mountains. Then commenced the down grade. Descending five other planes, we reached Johnstown, now a busy, bustling place, the site of the Cambria Iron Works, perhaps the largest establishment of the kind in the United States. Clinging closely to the little Conemaugh River and other streams, we continue our excursion by canal to Pittsburgh.

Some years ago, the member of Congress from the Somerset district, in Pennsylvania, succeeded in incorporating in one of the "Omnibus bills," a section providing for an appropriation "to improve the navigation of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminitas rivers." I presume the majority of those who voted for this appropriation had never before heard of these streams, did not know in what State or Territory they were, and could not tell what good was to be accomplished or interest subserved by their improvement. Fortunately, the bill was vetoed, and the beautiful little stream is left, free and uninterrupted, to run its rapid course, and to gladden the eyes of those who look down upon it from the train that thunders along, for several miles, two hundred feet above.

Anent the Conemaugh! The late Dr. WILLIAM ELDER, in his delightful volume,\* tells this story of one of the old-fashioned circuit riders: "Old Jacob—Rev. M——, now, for he is still living somewhere—had an appointment a mile or two north of the Conemaugh

\* "Periscopics." Published in 1854.

River, near its head—a little thunder-gust stream, that would rise, in a freshet, ten or fifteen feet in as many hours, and run dry again almost as quick. He reached the southern bank, one day, when the river was behaving its very worst. 'The people on the other side called to him that it was above 'ridable order,' and he 'mustn't ventur.' But Jacob had his appointment to keep, and as his rule was 'no postponement on account of the weather,' he did 'ventur.' His horse was strong and his heart stout, and the river was not very broad: but it was a little deeper and wickeder than he had contracted for. Near the opposite shore the tide was too much for him, and he began to go down-stream rapidly, the current drifting him toward an eddy that was raging like a whirlpool. He saw it, and made a vigorous effort to grasp the branch of a tree that hung over the swollen water. It broke in his hand! and the chances seemed desperate. Finally, grasping the pummel of his saddle, he cried out, in his stentorian preaching-tones, 'Lord! Thou hast promised to be with thy servants in difficulty, and it is pretty near time to do something!' The next moment he was rolling in the waves and thrown against the bank. The folks who had warned him against the attempt, quickly fished him out, and after a little more rolling and shampooing on the shore, 'he came to.' His first words were: 'Now, if I had my horse, it is still time to keep my appointment!' The little congregation, that had gathered from miles around, got their sermon, and Jacob went on, refreshed and happy, to his next 'appointment.'"

Dr. Elder, the author of " Periscopics," was a native of Somerset County, Pa., which was also the home of General Ogle, conspicuous in the Harrison campaign, and of whom Dr. Elder, in this book, gives a most interesting sketch. Somerset was also the birthplace of Judge Jeremiah S. Black, whom the world has not yet forgotten. Dr. Elder himself was bright, quaint, and original, perhaps unstable: one of the earliest anti-slavery men, and a frequent contributor to *Graham's* and *Putnam's* magazines, as well as to Philadelphia and Washington newspapers. He was a brilliant talker, and an eloquent and ready speaker. I remember, that at a banquet given to Louis Kossuth, in Philadelphia, in 1851, at which Geo. M. Dallas presided, and in which most of the prominent men of that city participated, one of the " toasts " referred to Görgei as the Benedict Arnold of Hungary, for at that time he was believed to be a traitor, and, in consequence, an object of detestation to all Americans as well as Hungarians. A deep silence succeeded the reading of the sentiment, so prolonged and depressing that Mr. Dallas was obliged to ask, " Will no one respond to this toast ? " " I will," cried Dr. Elder, who immediately rose and delivered one of the happiest and most eloquent *impromptu* efforts to which I have ever listened. Let me say, just here, that there are really very few *impromptu* speeches. Most of the supposed off-hand efforts, even of distinguished orators, have either been written out and committed to memory, or seriously and carefully thought over, previous to their delivery. A case in point: I believe it is Mrs. L. M. Childs who relates

that, on one occasion, Mr. Everett, whose silvery voice, and well-rounded periods, and graceful eloquence we all remember with so much delight, found it desirable to introduce to his audience one or more Revolutionary heroes. Two, after much difficulty, were discovered, and, at the time of the delivery of the oration, brought upon the platform, after having been carefully drilled and instructed to *stand up* when the orator addressed them as "Venerable Men"! When, therefore, Mr. Everett, in the course of his oration, stretched forth his hand and uttered these words, the old men struggled to their feet, and Mr. E., in peremptory tones, cried, "Sit down! Sit down!! In *your* presence it is for *me* to stand!" The old soldiers, greatly bewildered, reluctantly staggered back to their seats. The scene was very effective, quite dramatic, and, apparently, *impromptu*! The old men afterwards said that it was "all very fine; but they never could understand why Mr. Everett took such pains to make them stand up, and then so suddenly command them to sit down."

Some years ago I repeated this story to a delightful old gentleman—who had been a schoolmate of Mr. Everett, and had often "touched elbows" with him at college tables—who laughed cheerily and said: "I have never heard that story before; but it is just like—just like Ned Everett. He was always famous for getting up scenes."

Dr. Elder's speech, on the occasion referred to, was, I think, entirely unpremeditated. He died a few years ago, at Washington, where, during the war and up to

the time of his death, he was busily and usefully employed in one of the departments, writing reports, preparing statistics, helping to make others famous, but adding little to his own fame or fortune.

I remember LOUIS KOSSUTH as a sad, melancholy looking man, with a most musical and plaintive voice, a slight foreign accent, and an eloquence rarely, if ever excelled—certainly the most noticeable looking personage at the banquet above alluded to. Standing before that audience, with plumed hat and Hamlet cloak, pleading the cause of Hungary, uttering, with quivering voice and outstretched arms, such words as these : “Dreadful as it is, I will wipe the tear of sorrow from my eye, and say to my brethren, Let us pray, and let us go to the Lord’s Last Supper, and then to battle and to death. I will say to them, there is no help for us but in our trust in God, and in our own good swords. I will leave you, gentlemen, with a dying farewell ; and, in giving you this farewell, I will bless you with the warmest wishes of my heart, and pray to God that the sun of freedom may never decline from the horizon of your happy land”—I think of Kossuth as the most pathetic and picturesque figure of modern times. And yet the man of whom I have written these words—who less than forty years ago was the admiration of Europe and America—still lives, and is almost forgotten !

To return to the Conemaugh ! It is possible that it may have been of this stream that the engineer who had been directed to examine as to its navigability, reported briefly, and, I think, rather irreverently, that “the river was not worth a Dam.” The author of this pro-


fane witticism was, it is said, rewarded by immediate promotion; wherein he fared better than the Postmaster at Mobile, during the Jackson Administration, who was requested to "inform the Department how far the Tombigbee River ran up?" and, in reply, "begged, respectfully, to state that the Tombigbee River did not run up at all; it ran down!" Whereupon, by return mail, he was informed that "his services as Postmaster at Mobile were no longer required!"





## The Keystone State.

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F it was a proper thing for the old Romans to boast of their citizenship, certainly Americans have an equal, if not better, right to be proud of their country. I mean the *whole country*. If we had less local and State pride, perhaps there might be less clamor for "State-rights." This love of *country* is a growing sentiment, which, I trust, may continue to increase—not, however, to the entire exclusion of local attachments—until it predominates over all other patriotic impulses. At present, we cannot ignore this local love, which is kept alive by associations composed of the inhabitants of other States residing outside their own, who, while not directly depreciating their sister States, manage to magnify the importance, the virtue, the patriotism, and the services of their own. As far as I know, Pennsylvanians residing in other localities, although not less proud of their nativity, have not found it necessary to organize such associations, nor to annually proclaim its pre-eminence over other portions of the Union. They are content to know of its prosperity, of its admirable public-school system, of its internal improve-

ments, and of its many other claims to their love, and to the admiration of the whole country. Still, they are not unmindful of outside opinion, and gratefully appreciate kind words uttered by others. And I take genuine pleasure in incorporating in these pages an extract from an eloquent oration, delivered at Gettysburg, in October, 1887, by Mr. Seth Low, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, which briefly recounts some of the principal occurrences that have made Pennsylvania famous—I will not say foremost—among the States of the Union:

“Standing here at Gettysburg, we seem to be standing on one of the mountain-tops of history. Cemetery Ridge is but a little eminence, yet from its consecrated summit the eye commands a vision wider and more wonderful than any to be seen from the loftiest Sierra. Here, looking backward, we seem to see not alone the nation’s past, spreading beneath us like a map, but out of the shadowy distance we seem to see converging here the multitudinous roads along which men have struggled, during all the ages, toward the conception of a free State, existing for and maintained by a free people. Here, looking forward, ‘the distance beacons’ to a glowing future, bright with hope for the multitudes of men. Not in vain have they fought and died whose fortunate mission it was to interpret the past and to bless the future. Neither does it lack significance that this battle should have been fought on the soil of Pennsylvania. The popular faculty which so often gives names with a deep insight into the real significance of things long ago called Pennsylvania the Keystone State. Historically, no less than geographically, the name applies. In the majestic arch formed by this union of independent States, Pennsylvania always has been the keystone. Upon the soil of Pennsylvania met the first and the second Continental Congress. Upon the soil of Pennsylvania George Washington was commissioned commander-in-chief of the Continental armies. Upon the soil of Pennsylvania was made the immortal Declaration of Independence. Upon the soil of Pennsylvania the Liberty Bell first of all rang out the joyful peal of liberty throughout the land. It was here that Franklin drew lightning from the sky, and it was here were forged the thunderbolts which made the Colonies independent States. Again, at Gettysburg, in our own generation, were hurled the bolts which have made the Union free.”



Pennsylvania has, indeed, "always been the Keystone of the Arch." She is entitled to that pre-eminence: for Pennsylvania's sons—aided, let me gratefully admit, by the patriotic population north of Mason and Dixon's line—have done much to place as well as to keep the stone in position. Although on the "border"—and, perhaps, good friends farther north and remote from the border-line, have not always given sufficient consideration, or made due allowance, to the additional tests and trials incident to close quarters with a foe—Pennsylvania has never been on the "fence." There has never been any "uncertain sound" in her devotion to the Union; and when, during the "cruel war," our then enemies, emboldened by previous successes, entered on its free soil and sought to destroy the keystone of the arch, one portion of which had already crumbled away, Pennsylvanians, led by Meade and Hancock and Reynolds, and many others "whose names were not born to die," were among the foremost and bravest to keep it in place and restore the almost ruined structure. It will stand now—forever! for its masonry is cemented with the blood of brave men—North and South!

But before the war, Pennsylvania, on account of her geographical position, and for other reasons, was the Keystone State. Among the original Thirteen, she is the centre; and, by her natural arteries, its water-courses, connects and communicates with a greater extent of territory than any other State. The Delaware River, rising in New York, flows through the entire eastern portion of Pennsylvania, touches the

western counties of New Jersey, and laps the shores of little Delaware, on its way to the sea. The Susquehanna, also having its source in the State of New York, pours its flood through middle Pennsylvania to the Chesapeake Bay, establishing water communication with Maryland and Virginia. The Monongahela, with head-waters in Western Virginia, flowing northwest ; and the Alleghany, rising in New York and flowing southwest — unite at Pittsburgh and form the Ohio River, whose waters connect Pennsylvania with the entire West. These eastern and western rivers were soon united. It was not long before turnpike-roads, and afterward canals,\* extended from the Delaware, at Philadelphia, to the Ohio ; and travelers and merchandise were transported by them from eastern cities to Pittsburgh, and then by keel-boats or steamboats up the Mississippi as far as St. Paul, or down that river to New Orleans ; up the Missouri River to Independence, whence the Santa Fé traders “ wagoned ” their wares some eight hundred miles over the Santa Fé trail, which is almost identical with the route of the present Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway ; or, diverging at Smithland, Ky., up the Cumberland River, to Nashville and three hundred miles beyond ; or, leaving the Ohio at Paducah, *via* the Tennessee River, as far south as Florence, Ala, or, southeast, to Knoxville,

\* The first stone turnpike-road in the Union was made in Pennsylvania ; and so the first canal over one hundred miles in length. The turnpike-road, from Lancaster to Philadelphia, sixty-two miles in length, was commenced in 1792, and finished in 1794, at a cost of \$465,000, by a private company.

Tenn. Look at these localities on a map, and you will be astonished at the circuitous routes by which merchandise, in any but the smallest quantities, could be forwarded to them up to within a comparatively recent period.

And now, all these lines of communication have been, to a great extent, superseded by the railway, which penetrates everywhere, annihilating time and space, and bringing our scattered population closer and closer together, clasping them as "with hooks of steel." But in this advance, the Keystone has not been disturbed: Pennsylvania leads in this march of improvement also, for her railways are models for all others, her civil engineers are sought for in all quarters, and her engines and machinery in demand over all the world—in Australia and the Argentine Republic,\* in Russia and Japan. Pennsylvania—if I may indulge in a little Fourth-of-Julyism—supplies the coal to warm us, the oil and gas to light us, the iron to weld us together, and even the nickel for our smaller currency.†

\* In 1826 William Wheelwright, of Pennsylvania, was wrecked on the Argentine coast, and made his way to a small town called Quilmar. Forty years later he constructed the first railway in South America, from Quilmar to Buenos Ayres. He built the first railway in Chili also. Chili and the Argentine Republic have erected monuments to the memory of Mr. Wheelwright in their Public Squares.—*Harper's Magazine*, November, 1887.

† In the United States its ores (nickel) have been found in Chatham, Conn., and are worked in Lancaster County, Penn., where, from the reports of the mine, "it is found in almost inexhaustible quantities, associated with copper, and also occurring in the form of sulphuret of nickel. It is this locality which furnishes the nickel for the new American cents, of which 12 parts in 100 are nickel, and 88 parts are copper."—*New American Cyclopaedia*.

If the theory be correct, that intellectual activity is inconsistent with material prosperity, then the people of Pennsylvania are an exception to the rule; for the physicians and medical schools of that State are renowned the world over; and to be "as clever and keen as a Pennsylvania lawyer," has grown into a proverb. To general and religious literature and science, she has also contributed many brilliant names. Personally, I have no faith in the theory referred to; and am quite convinced that, while "starvation diet" may, and often does, produce eccentric and sickly sentimental writers, the solid, substantial, healthy literature of and for all time comes from generous living. A healthy brain is incompatible with indigestion and dyspepsia. Scholars do not thrive on tea and toast, nor do soldiers grow strong on gruel and porridge. The French soldiers, on a soup diet, fought brilliantly and made splendid dashes, but the beef-eaters of Wellington fought steadily, and held out to the end.

But I should not speak of battles and bloodshed in connection with the State founded by the Quaker, William Penn, who, notwithstanding the failure of his sect, and the almost total abandonment, by the nations, of his peaceful creed, is, if not worshiped, greatly admired and loved by its people. Various monuments have been erected to perpetuate his name and memory, notably the one, in Quaker garb, in the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, whose citizens will not be content until they behold his effigy, in bronze, on their new City Hall, at an elevation of upward of five hundred feet, whence, if it could be imbued with life,

he might look out over his still peaceful city, now grown to such vast proportions. There is also another memorial there with this simple inscription, "FOUNDED BY DEEDS OF PEACE."\* Let us hope that the city may long survive, and always be known as the "City of Brotherly Love." May we not also believe that the peaceful doctrine proclaimed by Penn will again prevail, and that all peoples will, in time, realize that it is not with the keen Damascus blade, but by the "Sword Bathed in Heaven," that the world is to be conquered and prepared for the "Great Peace" that is to precede the Millennium! In the mean time, while Penn's monuments tower aloft in America, none, not even a simple slab, marks the grave where his remains repose. William Penn, the founder of a Commonwealth, lies, unnamed, in the secluded burial-ground of the Quakers in the village of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, England.

\* At Shackamaxon there is a marble monument, erected in 1827, to mark the site of the great elm-tree under the shade of which Penn made his celebrated treaty with the Indians—a treaty that was kept—with this inscription on one of the four sides :

PENNSYLVANIA,  
FOUNDED,  
1681,  
BY DEEDS OF  
PEACE.





## “The Garden of Pennsylvania.”

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**L**ANCASTER County is one of the oldest in the State of Pennsylvania. It was organized in 1729, and originally embraced a large extent of territory, from which several other counties have since been formed. It now contains about 600,000 acres, with a population of 160,000. A large portion of the county is highly cultivated, so much so that it is called the “Garden” of Pennsylvania; and I doubt if there is a more productive acreage in the world, nor any where the resources have been more thoroughly developed. Even in Italy, where the small holdings and dense population give greater opportunity for cultivation, where, according to their proverb, “the plough has a silver share, but the spade a golden edge,” and where the latter instrument is in constant use, no such magnificent agricultural results are obtained. The greater intelligence of the farmers, and the multiplied implements and facilities employed, more than compensate for the “close farming” in the older countries. The county is remarkably well supplied with large streams, and it is rare to find a farm-house without a spring of running water. A Lancaster County farm is not complete with-

out it; its absence greatly detracts from the value of the property. The spring-house, of brick or stone, a trough of water filled with shining pans on three sides of the interior, is one of the features of the farm; and its condition of cleanliness a sure indication of good or bad housewifery, which materially affects the quality and price of the butter produced. The old-fashioned well-sweep would not be tolerated. The mineral resources of Lancaster County are also very great, and its industries varied, successful, and prosperous.

Lancaster County has produced a number of men “not unknown to fame.” Perhaps the most widely, if not the most favorably, known is LINDLEY MURRAY, born in 1745, died in England in 1826. His “Grammar of the English Language” was published in 1795. His system and his book are now, to a great extent, abandoned; but up to within a comparatively recent date his grammar was the standard authority on that subject. The boys of at least half a century, who were obliged to decline nouns and conjugate verbs—and were whipped if they didn’t—however they may have afterwards esteemed him, did not at the time greatly admire or reverently worship him. Indeed, I have heard some very irreverent, I may say profane, language applied to that benefactor of his race. Good grammar was as scarce in those days as now; and the “English as she *was* spoke,” was more wonderful, and, if possible, more difficult of comprehension, than the “English as she *is* spoke” of the present. It is unnecessary to add that the writer was not one of Lindley Murray’s successful disciples.

BENJAMIN WEST, the celebrated painter, was also a native of Lancaster County, born in 1738. He attained great distinction in England, whither he went at an early age, and became President of the Royal Academy. Visitors to the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, will remember his immense and otherwise remarkable painting of "Death on the Pale Horse:" it is the *pièce de resistance* of that Institution. He never returned to his native country; and was either too poor or too patriotic to accept the order of knighthood which the King of England desired to confer on him. Let us hope the latter was the ruling motive for declining that honor.

In Lancaster County also was born, in 1765, ROBERT FULTON, the inventor and engineer, who first successfully introduced steam navigation. He, too, like Benjamin West, was originally a painter: he, too, like West, visited England, where his countryman was of great service to him, in introducing him to influential people, one of whom induced Fulton to abandon painting as a profession, and become a civil engineer. His was quite an eventful life, full of failures and disappointments, for all which he was, doubtless, fully compensated by the sight of his first successful boat, the *Claremont*, which, in 1807, ploughed the Hudson River at the rate of five miles an hour. I doubt if any subsequent steamboat—not even the swift, floating palaces on the Hudson or on the Sound, the gilded saloon boats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers of thirty years ago, nor the magnificent and stately ocean steamers of to-day, excited as much interest and admiration, or attracted so many



sight-seers, who, on that occasion, lined the banks of the river—the many predicting failure; only a few hoping for success. Pennsylvania has, very appropriately, placed in the Capitol at Washington a marble statue of Robert Fulton, as one of the two typical representatives of that State. The second representative of Pennsylvania, whose statue, executed by Miss Nevin, of Lancaster, now adorns the Old Hall of the House of Representatives, is General PETER I. MUHLENBERG. General Muhlenberg “was the son of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, D. D., the founder of the German Lutheran Church in America. He was born at Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa., October 1, 1746, and died near Philadelphia, October 1, 1807. General Muhlenberg was educated for the ministry, was ordained in England, and preached at Woodstock, Va. His last sermon was preached on the devotion men owe to their country; and, saying, ‘There is a time for all things—a time to preach, and a time to fight; and now is the time to fight, he stripped off his gown, after the service, appeared in full uniform, read his commission as Colonel, and formed a regiment among his parishioners.’”\* He participated in various battles, was made Brigadier, and afterwards Major-General. After the war, General M. returned to Pennsylvania, and became a member of the Supreme Executive Council, Vice-President of the Commonwealth, Member of Congress, and U. S. Senator.

If a third representative were permitted, I should like to see the fine face and figure of DAVID RITTENHOUSE, perpetuated in marble, standing in the Capitol

\* New American Cyclopedia.

with Fulton and Muhlenberg. Rittenhouse was not only a Pennsylvanian, but had obtained a more than national reputation as a mathematician, mechanic, and astronomer. "He was selected to determine the boundary line known as Mason and Dixon's, also the boundaries between New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and several other States; he was Treasurer of the State, successor of Franklin as President of the American Philosophical Society, Director of the Mint in 1792," and a voluminous writer on scientific subjects. Philadelphia has named one of her public squares after him; but I trust the State will erect, in that square, a suitable monument to the memory of one of her most eminent, learned, and useful citizens.

In more recent days, two men who attracted great attention in our country, JAMES BUCHANAN, fifteenth President of the United States, and THADDEUS STEVENS, were residents of Lancaster County. The former, while personally greatly esteemed, was never—except early in his career, when he was elected to Congress as a Federalist—a political favorite, the county giving large adverse majorities whenever he was a candidate before the people. He was in the United States Senate for many years, and ranked with Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, and other distinguished men of that body. After the expiration of his Presidential term, he retired to, and lived quietly and unostentatiously at, his country residence, "Wheatland," within a mile or two of Lancaster City. Mr. Buchanan was a man of great ability and pure character; and whatever may have been thought of him as politician and President,

I remember him as always the courteous and courtly gentleman.

Mr. Stevens came from Adams County to Lancaster, where he soon obtained an extensive law practice, and at once became active, prominent, and influential in politics. He was elected, not long after, to Congress, where he remained, except for a single term, until his death. Mr. Stevens was the father of the public-school system of Pennsylvania, the chief adviser of Joseph Ritner, while the latter was Governor of the State, and for many years one of the most conspicuous characters in Congress. He was an able lawyer, a radical in politics, an eloquent but grim and sarcastic debater, a “hard hitter,” and a bitter enemy; but, to his friends, as sweet as summer, and liberal and generous in the extreme, especially to young men, with whom he delighted to associate, and many of whom he in various ways befriended.

Politically, the county has been, in a certain sense, always anti-democratic. In the good old days of Whigism it was called the “Old Guard,” on account of its constant and overwhelming Whig majorities. Previously, it supported the Federal party—many of its prominent citizens having, it is said, been “brought up on Federalism and Madeira.” I have but a faint recollection of the Federalists, but I remember that long after they had disappeared as a party, there was still a good deal of the Madeira—“Red” and “Green Seal”—consumed. In 1831, when William Wirt was the Presidential and Amos Ellmaker (a distinguished lawyer of Lancaster) the Vice-Presidential candidates on

the Anti-Masonic ticket, the County gave them a large majority. It may be curious to recall the sudden rise and fall of that party. The abduction, real or supposed, of Morgan, in 1826, by the Masons of western New York, created an intense excitement throughout the country, especially in the Northern States, and caused the formation of a National party. Francis Granger, the candidate of the Anti-Masons for Governor of New York, in 1830, received no less than 128,000 votes in that State ; in the succeeding year a large vote was polled for Wirt and Ellmaker in that and other Northern States : Vermont actually elected Anti-Masonic electors. A year or two later, Joseph Ritner was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, mainly by Anti-Masonic votes. Governor Ritner, on assuming office, aided by Mr. Stevens, ordered an investigation in regard to the Masonic Fraternity, and Geo. M. Dallas and other noted Masons were summoned to testify at Harrisburg. Large crowds assembled at the State Capitol ; great excitement prevailed there and throughout the State ; the military were called out to protect the Legislature—the result of which was then and since known as the “Buckshot War,” happily an entirely bloodless one. The investigation was not pushed ; no one was killed, none wounded, and none became the wiser in regard to the secrets of the Masonic Order on account of the inquiry.

On the formation of the Republican party, the “Old Guard” came to the front with its usual tremendous majorities, which were invariably met by the big Democratic majorities of “Old Berks”—*the adjoining county!*

These two counties have been, from time immemorial, consistent in their political antagonism. Several reasons have been assigned for this: one, that “Berks is Democratic because so many Hessians settled there after the Revolution ; another, that while peace sects prevailed in Lancaster, in Berks were found many Lutherans and German-Reformed, who, it is said, were more liberal ; a third reason given, is that the people of Berks were greatly in favor of liberty in the time of the elder Adams ; that they put up liberty-poles, and Adams sent soldiers among them and had the liberty-poles cut down, and ever since they have been opposed to that political party under its different names.”\* All these may be valid reasons, but I think the differences referred to are of easier solution, and may be traced to the dominant and determined will and intellectual superiority of a single man or family in each of these counties, whose prejudices and opinions have left their impress on the people to this day. Those familiar with inland or remote localities are aware of the wonderful influence wielded by a strong-willed, big-brained man, the possessor, at the same time, of popular manners and attractive qualities ; and may think, as I do, that the politics of such localities are often the result of hero-worship, of admiration for a person rather than regard for a principle. “Bossism,” though not in as offensive a shape, was as prevalent in “the good old times,” as

\* “Pennsylvania Dutch,” a series of articles that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1869 ; afterwards, in 1872, published in book form. It contains a great deal of information in regard to the “Dunkards” and other sects, &c.



at present ; probably to a greater extent, now that a more diffused intelligence has made men more independent and less disposed to think and vote by proxy. But there is still, I think, a great deal of hereditary politics as there is of hereditary religion.

It is stated by a competent authority,\* that “there is no spot on earth, of the same population and extent of territory, where there are so many *Religious Denominations*.” “There are,” another declares, “at least thirty sects.” The Quakers were quite numerous in Lancaster County, there being, in 1730, more than one thousand Quaker families residing there, a greater number than now live within its limits. Besides the well-known denominations, the most numerous, certainly the most notable, sect is that of the Dunkards (they were called “Beardy Men” when I was a boy, because they never clipped their hair or beard ; and “Old Shad-bellies,” on account of the peculiar cut of their coats), under which name may be included, Mennonites, Menists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Amish, &c., &c. Penn’s peaceful government, which guaranteed entire religious freedom, drew to Pennsylvania the exiles and persecuted of every sect, in the old country : the Swiss from Berne, Huguenots, Waldenses, Moravians, etc. ; and Lancaster County, being the immediately out-lying territory at that time, and, withal, “a fruitful and pleasant country,” there they naturally settled. The Mennonites, or Dunkards, number—as I was informed by an intelligent member of that community, whom I met a few years since on his way as a

\* Rupp’s “History of Lancaster Co.”

delegate to a Dunkard conference, held at Topeka, Kan.—more than 200,000 in the United States: originally confined to Lancaster County, they are now found in all the Middle and Western States. They have three prosperous colleges, and two or three well-conducted newspapers. They are supposed to be the scattered Waldenses, who were collected together and organized by Simon Menno, from whom they take their name. They are a quiet law-abiding people; their dress is simple and plain, like the Quakers, and, like the Quakers, they are non-resistants. They were not allowed, when slavery was legal, to hold slaves; they do not take oaths, and do not deal in spirituous liquors, nor do they allow their members to go to law with one another. They are permitted to hold minor offices, such as school director or road supervisor, but may not become candidates for State or National offices. Feet-washing is one of their religious rites. The men wear long, uncut hair and beards, and cut-away coats, of coarser material than that used by the Quakers; and the women are attired in not very voluminous skirts and sun-bonnets—neither very attractive garments. We frequently hear of “gay Quakers”; and it may be that even some of the younger Dunkards indulge, occasionally, in the vanities of dress.

It is pleasant to know that, notwithstanding the multiplicity of sects, there was no discord among these good people. The Rev. Jedediah Andrews, writing from Philadelphia, in 1730, and referring especially to the Swiss exiles, says: “There are many Lutherans and some Reformed mixed among them. Though there be

so many sects of religion going on, we don't quarrel about it ; we not only live peaceably, but seem to love one another." These differences could not have been very great, their creeds not very dissimilar—possibly only a matter of buttons ! "What is the difference between your sect and another ?" was asked of one of the Amish brethren, who replied in his peculiar dialect,\* "*Vy, dey wears puttons 'unt we wears hooks unt eyes.*" Perhaps if some other and better-known denominations were to give the matter serious consideration and investigation, they might, happily, discover no greater differences.

LANCASTER CITY is the County-seat, and the largest place in the county. Originally settled by English, the English nomenclature is still apparent in the names of the streets—King, Queen, and Duke streets being the principal ones in the city. These names certainly indicate loyalty to the mother country before the war of Independence. Like all interior towns in Pennsylvania, the public buildings—the Court-house and the market-house—stood in the "Diamond," an open space in the centre of the town. The market-house, I believe, still remains there; but a more spacious Court-house has been erected in another and

\* Of the Pennsylvania Dutch language, Prof. S. S. Haldeman says: "It is a fusion of the South German dialects, brought from the region of the upper Rhine, including Switzerland, with an inferior English." Any one who has visited the upper Rhine—say in the vicinity of Coire or Ragatz—and heard the Swiss patois, the bad German and worse French, with some Romansh, can imagine the language resulting from a mixture of all these with "inferior English !"



more quiet part of the city, and the site of the old one is occupied by a soldiers' monument. The Lancaster Bar has been, and is still, noted for its ability, and its merchants for their conservative and business-like habits. In old times, a large number of the tall half-moon clocks—now much sought after, and commanding extravagant prices—were manufactured in Lancaster ; and Lancaster guns have long been famous. There are several cotton-mills, foundries, locomotive-engine and other factories in active operation. It was once—as late as 1827-30—the largest inland town in the United States ; but, in point of population, it has been far outstripped by a number of places within the borders of Pennsylvania—places not even in existence fifty years ago, to say nothing of the large cities in the far West, then unknown.

In 1777 the Continental Congress sat in Lancaster for a few days ; and then crossed the Susquehanna to York, twenty miles farther inland, where, with the broad river between them and the British, who occupied Philadelphia, the members of that body felt more secure. The old Independence bell was brought to Lancaster at the same time, and afterward returned to its old place in the State House steeple at Philadelphia.

The 1st of April is a busy day in Lancaster City. It is “moving day” throughout the county, when tenants change their homes, and the farmers come trooping into the city to renew or make new leases, and pay and receive the rents, and receive and pay interest due on bonds and mortgages—the principal,

perhaps the only investments of the "safe and sure" farmers.

The first Dunkards came to this country in 1719, landing at Philadelphia, but soon found homes farther inland. Most of them farmers, they were attracted by the rich limestone, well watered and wooded lands of Lancaster County, and many of them settled there in 1724. For more than one hundred and fifty years these people and their descendants have occupied the same farms ; retained, with some trifling modifications, their language and religion ; and preserved their old habits and customs. There are to-day not a few who cannot speak or understand the English language ; and, until within the last twenty years, that language was not taught in their schools nor spoken in their pulpits. As I notice the statements frequently appearing in the newspapers, of colonies of Swedes, or Norwegians, or Russian Mennonites, occupying entire townships—sometimes whole counties—in our new States, I wonder if they, too, will perpetuate their language, customs, &c., for so long a period !

In 1738 one of these Dunkards, or Mennonites, Conrad Beisel, established a Protestant monastic institution at EPHRATA, a little village not far from Lancaster City. "In 1740," says one of the chroniclers, "there were thirty-six single brethren in the cloister, and thirty-five sisters ; and at one time the society, including the members living in the neighborhood, numbered nearly three hundred." The same writer states that a monastic dress was adopted by the brethren and sisters, resembling that of the Capuchins. They were very simple in

their habits, and observed a vegetable diet. Their plates, forks, candle-sticks, even their Communion service, were of wood. The chimneys of their buildings and the door-hinges were of the same material. Some of these buildings are still standing, but most of them in a dilapidated condition. The society, I believe, now owns a small farm, and a few of the houses are occupied. These people erected flour and saw mills; also a paper-mill, an oil-mill, and a fulling-mill; they also established a printing-office, from which were issued many publications—a number of the volumes of five hundred pages and upwards—as early as 1747, as well as hundreds of pages of music; most of the music was composed by Beisel himself, who was quite an accomplished musician. “Their singing,” says Morgan Edwards,\* “is charming, partly owing to the pleasantness of their voices, the variety of parts they carry on together, and the devout manner of performance.” I hardly think the Dunkards of my day were at all æsthetic in their tastes, and music with them was, I imagine, one of the “lost arts.” Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian, visited Ephrata in 1741, but was not, it would seem, received with much favor by the brethren and sisters. The friends of Robert Raikes will be surprised, possibly grieved, to learn that, “in 1740 (forty years in advance of Raikes) a Sabbath-school was established by Ludwig Hœcker, otherwise Brother Obed. The Sabbath-school (held on *Saturday* afternoon) is said to have been kept up for more than thirty years.”

\* “Material Towards a History of the American Baptists,” cited in “Pennsylvania Dutch.”

In the volume from which I have so frequently quoted, there is told the story of a bell, which is, I think, worth repeating—especially because of its age, it having reached this country seven years before the old Independence bell. Of the two brothers Eckerlein, called respectively Onesimus and Jotham, the former became Prior of the Brother-house at Ephrata ; and when, in 1745, a bell arrived in Philadelphia from England, which had been ordered by Eckerlein, and which cost eighty pounds, they knew not how to pay for it. The name of Onesimus had been placed upon the bell. When the news of its arrival was received, a council was held, in the presence of the spiritual father, Beisel, and it was concluded to break the bell to pieces and bury it in the earth. The next morning, however, the father appeared in the council, and said that he had reflected that as the brethren were poor, the bell should be “pardoned.” It, therefore, was sold to the Lutherans. It was long in use on the Trinity Lutheran Church, in Lancaster, but afterward sold to one of the fire-engine companies of that city, and is still in good preservation, bearing upon it the Latin inscription, *Sub auspicio viri venerandi Onesimi Societ. Ephrat, Propositi, A. D. MDCCXLV.* After a service of nearly one hundred and fifty years, the bell continues to perform its duty. Old things and places are so rare in this new country, that I make no apology for dwelling so long on Ephrata and its bell Onesimus.

The quaint, quiet little Moravian town of LITIZ is not far distant from Ephrata, and is a still more interesting place. The Moravians, too, are, in many respects,

more attractive than the Mennonites and Dunkards. They, also, like other religious exiles from the old country, sought shelter in Pennsylvania ; and all good Pennsylvanians should bless William Penn and his tolerant government, for bringing these gentle Christians into their State. As is well known, the Bohemians, Moravians, and Waldenses were not favorites with the Church of Rome, and for a long time were obliged to conduct their worship in secrecy ; but in the middle of the fifteenth century, George Podiebrad, who was elected King of Bohemia in 1458, recalled all the “heretics” who had been banished some years before, and allowed them to settle in the principality of Litiz, on the borders of Moravia, where these three sects formed themselves into the Association of *Unitas Fratrum*.\* Their stay here, however, was brief, and the Brethren were again expelled from their villages; even the King, who for political purposes, had befriended them, turning against them for the same reason. With varying fortunes, they continued to preserve their organization until in 1722, just one hundred years after the destruction of the old Moravian Church in Bohemia and Moravia, they, under the saintly Count Zinzendorf, found a permanent home at Herrnhut (the “Lord’s Watch”), in upper Lusatia, about fifty miles from Dresden, which became, and remains, the religious headquarters of the United Brethren. At Herrnhut, every ten years, the General Synod, composed of the chief officers of the Church, and representatives from all their organizations throughout the world, meet to legislate for the good of

\* Henry’s “Sketches of Moravian Life.”



the whole—"the Moravian being the only Protestant Church that exists as an organic unit throughout the world."

Herrnhut contains only about one thousand inhabitants; but how many devoted men have gone forth from that little secluded village, as missionaries to all, even the most inaccessible and unpromising, portions of the globe! You may find the names of their towns—Herrnhut and Hebron, Ephrata and Bethany, Salem and Bethesda, Hopedale and Zoar—repeated in Greenland and Labrador, in South Africa, Australia, Honduras, and Nicaragua, in British and Dutch Guiana, and in the islands of the sea. Wherever they have gone, they have carried peace and quiet, and turned many from their wicked ways and barbarous habits. "No other religious denomination, as a whole and for so long a period, has maintained a moral and social character more unimpeachable. I do not believe that an instance of capital crime or of divorce has ever been known among them."\* The Moravians, I think, come nearest to primitive or Apostolic Christianity of any existing denomination. They, above all others, are constantly "going about doing good."

It is a remarkable coincidence that Spangenberg, the Moravian, George Whitefield and John and Charles Wesley, should have come to America at the same time, for the same purpose, and commenced their work at the same place—on the Savannah River, in Georgia. The first company of Moravians, or United Brethren, left Herrnhut in 1735, and arrived in Georgia the same year.

\* "Moravian Missions," p. 14.

In 1736 a reinforcement, consisting of one hundred families, twenty-seven of which, under the Rev. David Nitchmann, were Moravians, came over. All these colonists were sent out under the direction and at the expense of the “London Society,” which organization guaranteed to the Moravians exemption from military duty. They remained in Georgia but a short time. When the Spaniards endeavored to drive out the English colony, the Moravians were called upon to bear arms, and this being contrary to their principles, as well as to their agreement with the “London Society,” they withdrew. Most of them came to Pennsylvania, where they settled, first at Nazareth, and afterwards at Bethlehem. Some of them founded little villages in eastern New York and in Connecticut, where they taught, with great success, the Indians; but the two State Governments, thinking the Moravians too partial to the aborigines, notified them to leave their borders, and they, too, found homes in Pennsylvania. Settlements were subsequently made at Shamokin, on the Susquehanna, at Litiz, and as far west as Venango, on the Alleghany River. Of these, only Bethlehem and Litiz remain distinctively Moravian towns—both, especially the latter, still preserving their peculiar characteristics; both of them are also well known for their excellent educational institutions. The Moravians, indeed, have always paid great attention to education, and been most successful teachers. Two hundred and fifty years ago John Amos Comenius, one of the Moravian bishops, enjoyed a European reputation. He was a pioneer in advocating the equal education of the sexes, the

system of object-teaching, and the necessity of physical training. His services were sought for in Poland, Sweden, and England, and no educator of that day achieved such celebrity. Through the negotiation of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, during his travels in the Low Countries, Comenius was at one time on the point of becoming President of Harvard College, but through the influence of the Swedish Ambassador, his steps were turned in another direction.\* According to their latest statement, the Moravians maintain 323 missionaries in various parts of the world; they have 1,565 native assistants and 80,000 converts.

The seminary for girls, at Bethlehem, Pa., opened in 1749, takes rank, in order of time, before all other enterprises for female education this side of the Atlantic.† There is another school at Salem, a pretty Moravian settlement in North Carolina, opened in 1807. In 1745 a congregation of Moravians was organized by Spangenberg, and a church and school erected in 1746 in Warwick township, Lancaster County, which were afterwards (in 1757) removed to Litiz, one of the neatest and cleanest villages in the United States—not clean and neat in comparison with some of the Holland towns, where, it is said, the women scrub the streets and carefully remove the grass and dirt from the crevices with case-knives; but delightfully clean, as compared with some of our cities, where both grass and filth are allowed to accumulate in the highways, and “dust and ashes” fill the air. Litiz is also one of the quaint-

\* Mather's “Magnalia,” quoted in “Moravian Missions.”

† “Moravian Missions,” p. 20.



est and quietest of places—or was when I last saw it—unlike any other in this country. Indeed, it seemed like a bit of the Old World set down in America, with its grass-grown streets, and the queer, one-storied brick and stone houses, with steep, sloping roofs, the gables toward the street. The school-houses, for boys and girls—large brick buildings—and the church, surrounded the “Square,” which was filled with flowers. The Big Spring in the village pours out a volume of water sufficient to drive a dozen mills within as many miles. The schools are widely known, and during the more than century of their existence have graduated thousands of scholars, who came thither from nearly all the States in the Union. Besides the solid studies, particular attention is given to music and needle-work—the latter a great accomplishment fifty years ago, then for a time neglected, and recently revived. I have seen some wonderful specimens of this, one of the oldest accomplishments, as well as the most useful; remarkable “samplers”—framed, and preserved as heir-looms in families—composed of the letters of the alphabet; small letters and large ones, plain letters and picturesque, progressing in ornamentation like the theme and variations of a piece of music. I have in my possession a specimen of embroidery on satin, representing, I suppose, “Mary and her Little Lamb,” if that interesting story was known so long ago. Mary is exhibited in a sky-blue dress, and the Little Lamb is garlanded with roses, the whole surrounded with a wreath of gay flowers. It is still fresh and bright, although executed nearly a century ago, and the deft fingers that worked it have long since ceased from their labors.

It is only about forty years since any one not a member of the Moravian Church was allowed to hold property or reside, permanently, at Litiz. Of course, it remains a distinctively Moravian settlement, and Moravian customs are still retained. The first chip hats in America were made at Litiz, and some of the finest church organs in the country were manufactured there. Both these industries, however, have been abandoned. The present stone church was built in 1787, but was preceded by two others—the first a log edifice, having been erected in 1743, about which time Count Zinzendorf visited Litiz. The first person buried in the cemetery, near the church, was in 1758. This cemetery will attract most attention from the visitor; the description of the one at Herrnhut will apply to that at Litiz: “The memorial stones, facing the East, small, and recording only names and dates, lie in straight lines, flat upon the ground, as in all other Moravian places of burial, like Jewish grave-stones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and like those around the cathedral at Glasgow.”

No monuments are allowed in Moravian cemeteries—nothing but the plain slabs, with names and dates. There is, however, one exception to this rule in the cemetery at Litiz, where the visitor will notice “a solitary grave in one corner. The mound above it is twice as big as any of the others, and a large marble slab also covers it entirely. The inscription tells that he who sleeps here was ‘Born February 28, 1803, at Kandon-Baden: Died June 18, 1880, at Washington, D. C. *Requiescat in pace.*’ There is a long story of an eventful life between these two dates. The name inscribed

above them is the name of General John Augustus Sutter, whose mill-race on the bank of the Sacramento River was the source of all the mighty stream of gold that has flowed from California. \* \* \* He was still prosecuting his claim in 1871, when he happened to come to Litiz to drink the wholesome waters of the spring. The quiet of the place, and the peaceful life of its people, appealed to the restless old man, who was beginning to get tired of his long battle, and he made his home there—'until I get my claim through,' he said. He was at Washington, still getting his claim through, when death overtook him, in 1880. His Moravian neighbors made room for him in a corner of their burying-ground, although, as he was not a member of their congregation, he could not be buried with the trombone. When a Moravian dies, at whatever hour of the day or night, a man mounts the tower of the quaint, squat church and blows a doleful signal on the trombone. The trombone-player also marches at the head of the funeral procession, playing solemn music."\*

I could wish that this dear old Litiz, with all its quaintness and contentment, its trombones and trumpeters, might be able to resist the march of improvement, and impart some of its peaceful quiet to the restless outside world—some of its modest Moravian methods to our more modern reformers and evangelists. But that may not be, for a railway has already penetrated into that quiet valley, and a summer hotel, I hear, raises its immense proportions, and towers above the rose-covered houses of an hundred years ago.

\* Correspondence Philadelphia *Times*.



## “The Rocky River!”

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“On Susquehanna’s side, fair Wyoming.”

“Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream.”

**A**LTHOUGH Campbell sang of the Susquehanna in exaggerated strains, and his “Gertrude of Wyoming” is, so far as mere description goes, a splendid specimen of poetic license, the beauties of the river cannot be denied. From its source, in Otsego Lake, to its outlet into Chesapeake Bay, it is a picturesque stream. High hills and broad valleys succeed one another in its entire course of five hundred miles, while pretty islands are constantly in sight, and flourishing towns adorn its banks and give variety to the scene. It is not necessary to invest it with borrowed splendors in order to attract the tourist or endear it to those who are familiar with its charms. The “flamingo” does not fly on the “numerous lakes” near by, nor are the “hills with high magnolia overgrown”; neither was the pursuit of the “crocodile” nor “the condor of the rock” the favorite pastime of the Oneida Indians, even in the most remote period. It is possible that an occasional porpoise may have lazily rolled its way up the river, but I have never seen any-



thing larger or more terrible than a sturgeon drawn from its bright waters. The absence of condors and crocodiles, however, does not detract from the beauties of the Susquehanna, which, if it were navigable, would be the resort and delight of tourists and travelers.

The story of the “Massacre of Wyoming,” in 1778, on which Campbell’s poem is founded, is well known, and the names of the Indian tribes and their chiefs, who dwelt from time to time on the banks of the river, have been made familiar by the novels of Cooper. Otsego Lake and the river flowing out of it, with its numerous tributaries, were favorite resorts and happy hunting-grounds of the Indians in early days. Indeed, they lingered there long after they had disappeared from New England, and eastern Pennsylvania, and New York. The Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, Nanticoes, Mohicans, Sapoonies, Muncies, Delawares, and Shawanees reared their wigwams on the banks of the river, and paddled their canoes from the lake to the bay. They continued quite numerous until the beginning of the present century, and have perpetuated their names in those of many towns and streams and lakes in Pennsylvania and New York.

Among the most prominent of the chiefs who roamed over the country contiguous to the Susquehanna, was the celebrated Logan, named after James Logan, Secretary of Pennsylvania, and a firm friend of the Indians. John Heckwelder, the Moravian, says that “Logan was the second son of Shikellemas, a celebrated chief of the Cayuga Nation. He resided at Shamokin, on the

Susquehanna, where he took great delight in acts of hospitality to such white people whose business led them that way. His name and fame were so high on record that Count Zinzendorf, when in this country, in 1742, became desirous of seeing him, and actually visited him at his house in Shamokin." Logan appears to have inherited the hospitable and kindly traits of his father. He also was noted for his friendship for the whites, as well as for his fine personal appearance. There are traces of his residence at Shamokin; also on the Kishacoquillas Creek near its junction with the Juniata, and possibly farther west along the smaller streams uniting with that river, for the traveler may see in the dining-hall of the Logan House, at Altoona, a full-length portrait of the famous chief.

In 1770 Logan removed to Ohio and settled on the Muskingum River, where he seems to have been peacefully employed until 1774, when his family were murdered by a party of whites under Colonel Cresap. This has been denied, but the testimony furnished by Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," seems conclusive as to the murder and the perpetrators of the crime. Logan's whole life and conduct were changed by this cruel act; he became intemperate, and waged an exterminating war against the whites. He himself was killed on the shores of Lake Erie in 1780. Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes," cites, as a specimen of Logan's eloquence, "unexcelled, in its way, by any in ancient or modern days," his speech, or letter, sent to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, after the murder of Logan's family. I remember reciting this speech at school,

when a boy, and still retain my admiration for it on account of its pathetic eloquence. As it has become a classic, and, consequently, but little known and rarely referred to, I insert it here :

“I appeal to any white man, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat ; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of the white man.’ I have even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relatives of Logan, even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.\* This called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace, but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan ? Not one !”

In the beautiful cemetery at Auburn, New York, the to me most impressive monument is a tall pyramid of rough stones with a polished slab inserted, on which appears these words : “WHO WILL MOURN FOR LOGAN NOW ?” I believe the late Governor Seward caused this monument to be erected.

Before the publication of Campbell’s “Gertrude of Wyoming,” two other poets, Coleridge and Southey, in 1795, thought seriously of taking up their residence on the banks of the Susquehanna. A writer in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1885) alludes to this project of the two poets in this wise :

\* “To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
No ! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.”  
*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

“Among the airy creations of Coleridge’s brain was the project of Pantisocracy, or emigration to America. Cowley intended to retire to the New World with his books ; Plotinus asked Galliens to grant him a deserted town in Campania, which he might people with philosophers. But the modern Pantisocrats were to reclaim the forest fields for themselves, till the ground, and yet find time for poetry ; they were to combine the innocence of the patriarchal age with the refinements of European civilization. Southey was fascinated with the idea. In America he could sit unelbowed by kings and aristocrats. The garden of Eden was to be renewed on the banks of the Susquehanna. Coleridge selected the river partly for its association with Wyoming, partly for the poetic sonorousness of the name. Of its exact position he was uncertain. ‘It is a grand river in America,’ was his reply to geographical inquirers. . . . Before the two Pantisocrats (Southey and Coleridge) parted, they had agreed to meet at Bristol, to arrange the details of the scheme. They already had two companions, Robert Lovell, a poetical Quaker, and George Burnett, the son of a Somersetshire yeoman. Favel and Le Grice, two Christ’s Hospital boys of nineteen, and Shadrach Weeks, the servant lad of Southey’s aunt, also became Pantisocrats. ‘Shad goes with us ; he is my brother,’ announced Coleridge in capital letters. They hoped that Dr. Priestly might join the party. Five more recruits and two thousand pounds were still required. Southey and Coleridge were to work hard to procure both. Lovell was married to Mary Fricker, the daughter of a Bristol sugar-boiler ; Coleridge, Southey, and Burnett proposed to three of her unmarried sisters. Burnett was refused by Martha Fricker ; but Coleridge became engaged to Sara, and Southey to Edith. . . . Meanwhile, the romantic dream faded before the realities of life. Southey was the first to abandon the scheme. Coleridge’s Pantisocratic ardor had already cooled, but he chose to denounce Southey in language so unmeasured as to create a breach between the two friends.”

The celebrated Dr. Priestly, who was expected to join Coleridge’s party, did come to America, and settled on the bank of the Susquehanna, at Northumberland, Pa., where his son, who had preceded him, had established an agricultural settlement. Dr. Priestly was offered, but declined, the professorship of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. He delivered sev-



eral courses of lectures in Philadelphia, and published a number of works after his arrival in this country. He died in 1804, at Northumberland, where his descendants still reside.

It would be curious to speculate as to what might have been the result, if *all* “those literary fellows” had come over to this country, as contemplated by them. The rambles with their friend Wordsworth over the Somerset hills would not have occurred. “Cristabel” and the “Ancient Mariner,” “Thalaba” and “Madoc,” and the “Life of Nelson,” might not have been written. We should, probably, have never known “How the water comes down at Lodore;” Grasmere and Keswick and Greta Hall might have no existence; and the whole Lake Country, beautiful as it is, might have been divested of its greatest charms. Or, to take another view, Boston might be a very commonplace, matter-of-fact city, and the seat of culture and refinement, and “all the talents,” might have been transferred from Boston Bay to the quiet and sequestered “Vale of Wyoming.” Most likely, however, the poets, like other mortals, would, if within their reach, have sought the golden crown rather than the laurel wreath, and become speculators in petroleum and pig-iron, lumber and “black diamonds,” and have been quite as happy, and possibly more useful.

It is with the latter and more practical commodities that my recollections of the “Rocky River” are more directly associated; with the log and lumber rafts that swept down the swift current during the periodical freshets; with the huge and awkward arks (now obso-

lete), loaded with whisky and iron, flour and potatoes, coal (*stone*-coal, as the anthracite coal was then called), and, best of all, big bricks of maple sugar ! I am not sure that the majority who came down the river took much interest in the scenery or the pretty towns that clustered on its banks; but I have a pleasant recollection of some old friends who had a good time every season, while floating quietly and serenely where the river was broad and placid, or rushing, like a race-horse, through the "narrow ways." There was sufficient excitement and variety in the ride of two to four hundred miles to prevent it from becoming monotonous. Many of the rafts were provided with comfortable cabins, with sleeping - bunks, conveniences for cooking, and abundance of material to cook. Some of the lumbermen were accompanied by their families, who remained with them at Columbia, or Harrisburg, or Port Deposit, or other points, until the lumber was sold and they were ready to return to their homes. I have been glad to meet many of these old friends and acquaintances in after years, and talk over by-gone experiences with them.

The "hands," the men who handled the long steering blades, or oars, at each end of the raft (it required from three to five at each oar), when their destination was reached, the work done, and the wages paid, returned along the river-bank to their homes at Binghamton and Owego, and at points on the Chemung and Chenango rivers, or on the West Branch—the only conveyance, at that time, being "Shank's Mare"; that is, they walked ! stopping occasionally at Columbia or

other places, to have a free fight, by way of variety, with the canal boatmen, between whom and the raftsmen there always existed a bitter feud.

I never heard that the lumbermen ever caught the shining shad from their cumbersome craft, although that was possible, but they were furnished with an abundant supply of this delicious fish at all stopping-places on the lower Susquehanna. Columbia was famous for its shad, which, when I was a boy, were caught there in immense quantities and of excellent quality. The best shad are always caught where they are eaten. The Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Hudson River and Connecticut River shad are, to the people who live on these rivers, the very best, because of their *freshness*, which is an important consideration in all kinds of fish. The shad are not so numerous in the Susquehanna as they were in my time, when they were so plenty that five to ten dollars per hundred was esteemed a fair price; and the farmers came from far and near to secure a wagon load, to be salted down, like mackerel, for future use.

The first shad caught by the seine was in 1760. Previous to that date, as I read, the old dip-net was in use, and still is to some extent, but it is a tedious and tiresome process. Tourists may to-day see the fishermen on the Rhine dipping, with the fisherman's proverbial luck, for salmon. The fishing on the River Rhine is said to be excellent, but the fish are few. The capture, however, of a single one of these noble fish is, I am told, considered ample compensation for a day's "dipping."

Colonel Thomas Hartley, who was a member of Congress at the time that the site for the capital of the country was under consideration, advocated the selection of Wright's Ferry, by which name Columbia was then known; among other arguments, he "assured the honorable gentlemen who were disposed to pay attention to a dish of fish, that their tables might be furnished by prime good ones from the waters of the Susquehanna."\*

The river at that time, and later on, was stocked with an excellent variety of fish. Besides the shad, there was the rock fish (resembling the striped bass), the wall-eyed salmon, yellow perch, with innumerable eels, cat-fish and "other small fry.". Within a more recent period, owing to the construction of dams and the increase of the deadly fish-baskets, which trapped the fish by the bushel, the Susquehanna was not noted for its piscatorial pleasures. But still more recently, since the State Legislature has, by sundry enactments, abolished the fish-baskets, and compelled the corporations controlling them to construct fish-ways in the dams, the shad are returning to their old haunts, and the river is again populated with the old variety of fish; besides, that game fish, the Black Bass, has been introduced, and affords great sport to the fishermen, who come from all quarters to catch them—many of them of large size. Terrapin, too—the genuine diamond-backs—were once abundant. A few are still found in the small streams flowing into the Susquehanna,

\* Letter of Mr. Samuel Evans, in *Columbia Spy*.

especially in the Raystown branch of the Juniata; but I have heard of none being taken in the vicinity of Columbia for many years. I have, however, years ago, “caught them napping,” in the winter, when lying dormant at the bottom of the river; and I have a pleasurable recollection of shieing stones at them, in the summer-time, as they crept upon the rocks to sun themselves. I am inclined to class this latter amusement as one of my most delightful boyish employments, which was not at all cruel sport, inasmuch as the stones were small, their shells hard, and I never succeeded in hitting one! It is doubtful if our people north of Philadelphia fully appreciate the terrapin or the canvas-back duck; I am quite sure they do not understand the art and mystery of cooking them, for there is a peculiar skill necessary in the preparation of these delicacies. To get them in perfection, you must “go down South,” not East or West. I prefer them as prepared by an experienced Southern cook, but the primitive method still in vogue on the Eastern Shore of Maryland is not bad. An Easton (Md.), correspondent of a Baltimore paper thus describes, in the African dialect, this latter mode of cooking the terrapin:

“ ‘People ta’ks a mighty lot dis way ’n’ dat ’bout de propah mannah o’ cookin’ of de tah’pin,’ said Uncle Jake, as he let his oyster buckets stand while he partook of a ‘little Christmas’ in our kitchen; ‘but, in my ’pinion, ’taint nobody as cooks ’em right now’days, sense even de niggahs mus’ hev’ cook-stoves to do dey cookin’ by. Dis way o’ cookin’ ’em in bilin’ water jes ruins ’em. Der hain’t no way I’m ebber seed yit dat ekals de roas’in’ er dem in de ashes on de hea’th. When I wash a little shaver, turkels wer’ plenty ’nuff den down heah on de Easten Sho’, ’n’ people use’ to wrap ’em in wet paper to keep out de grit, ’n’ kiver up in



de hot ashes on de hea'th; let him ros' dar' til he well done, den take off de bottom shell, take out de bones, de sand-bag 'n' de gaul, chop up de rest', eggs 'n' all, in de top shell, drap in a lump o' buttah, a pinch o' saut, 'n' a leetle mite o' red peppah, set de shell down on de hea'th 'till he git rite hot, den eat him—der hain't nothin' 't all in dis world bettah 'n' dat.'

"And the old man wagged his head in happy memory of it. "'N' dis way people has o' puttin' wine in it, 's jes a wase o' de good wine. Ef I had de wine I sh'd drink hit 'n' eat de tar'pin widout."

The "Eastern Shore" of Maryland is an epicurean paradise. All the delicacies of the table abound there: the finest fruits and vegetables, the luscious peach, the crisp, white celery, the best oysters, and the much-coveted canvas-back (the wild celery that grows in the shallows of the bay, and on which they feed, impart, it is said, the peculiar and delightful flavor for which these ducks are famous), and the homely, but not to be despised, terrapin. But with all its facilities for living, the Eastern Shore is not deficient in inducements for dying. Malaria abounds—in certain portions of that territory! And when an old-fashioned fever-and-ague takes possession of a man, the victim feels but little inclination to remain, and experiences an ardent desire to "shake off this mortal coil," and be "stepping heavenward" immediately! Some of the inhabitants attempt to evade the scourge by adopting a regular diet of "Quinine and Whisky." One would suppose that the quinine alone might be sufficient, but the natives appear to think the "combination" is more efficacious as well as more palatable!

If the terrapin are scarce at Columbia, wild ducks are still abundant. The canvas-back, the red-head, the black duck, and other varieties, still congregate on the

dam. Of course, Chesapeake Bay is the most famous ducking resort ; but there are many killed during the season at Columbia, and farther up the river. I have seen gunners bring in from ten to fifty splendid ducks, —all shot before breakfast !\*

\* “ Reports from various localities in this part of Pennsylvania indicate that the past month was a most extraordinary one for the killing of wild ducks, geese, turkeys, and swan, rabbits and other small game, by sportsmen in those localities. In one day, at Columbia, Lancaster County, 2,500 ducks—canvas-backs, red-heads, mallards, black ducks, ‘butter-balls,’ blue-bills, and other choice varieties—were killed on the dam. The old Pennsylvania Canal runs on the Lancaster County side of the Susquehanna River at Columbia, and connection with the Tidewater Canal at the York County side is made for boats by towing them across the river to Wrightsville, a dam a mile below Columbia keeping the water at a sufficient depth for that purpose. The damming of the river forms an artificial lake a mile in length and width. It is the largest body of water along the Susquehanna above Chesapeake Bay, and as the myriads of wild ducks pass southward in the fall of the year, Columbia dam is a favorite resting-place for them on the way. They are also frequently driven back from the bays and inlets of the Atlantic coast by heavy storms, and on these occasions the dam is covered with flocks of apparently dazed and demoralized water-fowl. Every day during the ducking season Columbia dam is visited by wild ducks in greater or less number, and it is always a profitable place for duck-hunters to resort to, but never in the history of the river was the dam so black with fowl as on what is now called the ‘big day’ of November. At daybreak the birds began to drop on the water in large flocks, coming from the North, showing that they had been on the wing during a part of the night at least. In spite of the presence of scores of hunters, who rapidly hastened to their boats and opened an incessant fire on them, they continued to flock and return to the dam until late in the afternoon. Besides the gunners in the boats, both banks of the river were lined with men and boys with guns, and for ten hours the ceaseless bombardment was kept up. Two days before, there had been bagged on the dam 250 ducks—an unusually heavy day’s killing—but on the ‘big day’ the lowest estimate placed on the number killed is 2,500, while som

Opposite Columbia the river broadens to a width of one and a quarter miles; a dam stretches across it one mile below the town, and gives it the appearance of a beautiful lake, which, freezing over early in the winter, affords splendid opportunities for skating, as well as a circuit of several miles for sleighing, continuing long after the snow has disappeared from the adjacent country.

The "break-up" in the spring, which, singularly enough, almost invariably occurs at night, is an event! The inhabitants on both sides of the river announce it by the blowing of horns and conch-shells and the exhibition of lights. They may indulge now in the extravagance of rockets! The roar of the cracking ice and the rush of the river, accompanied by the noise of the horns and shells, and the flashing lights, is weird and exciting! Sometimes, when the river is remarkably high, and the ice firmer and thicker than usual, the ice chokes in the narrow gorge several miles below, and is piled up twenty, forty, often fifty

hunters who participated in the day's sport place the number at 3,000. Columbia and Lancaster markets were overstocked next morning with wild ducks; and choice canvas-backs were sold for thirty and forty cents a pair, while red-heads went begging at twenty-five cents, and the less popular varieties were sold as low as ten cents. Men and boys, with back-loads of ducks, boarded every train, and sought the smaller towns and peddled the birds in the streets. For two or three days canvas-backs were as common and cheap as pork in the favored localities."—*Correspondence N. Y. Tribune, Harrisburg, Dec. 2, 1887.*

I have verified this statement. On the "big day" of November there was a dense fog on the river, which caused the ducks to fly low, thus making them an easy prey to the gunners.



feet high—a mass of glittering “white confusion,” which people from all the surrounding country come to look at and wonder! The back-water caused by this novel obstruction occasionally floods the lower or river-front of the town, and sometimes does considerable damage. But the boys of the period did not greatly care for the damage, only for the delight and the excitement.

If any of my readers desire a novel experience, an exhilarating ride, and a delightful excursion, let me suggest that they visit my native town, Columbia, say some time in “the pleasant month of June,” during the “June Fresh,” and charter a raft for “Port” (Port Deposit, at the head of Chesapeake Bay). You may get one with a cabin, to which you can retreat in case of rain, or repair when you are hungry. At first you will float lazily along on the broad, placid river, until you strike the “chute” in the dam, through which you rush with race-horse speed; then, subsiding, to the natural current, you pass Little Washington (a nearly extinct town; and yet it once boasted of a military company—the “Washington Blues”—far more magnificent than the “Columbia Riflemen,” who also fired their last shot long ago); and among the hundreds of islands that dot the again broadening river, noticing, as you glide by, the fishermen in their light, pointed canoes, rapidly propelled by a long iron-shod pole. Then through the cliffs, five hundred feet high, at Turkey Hill; then a rest in the shallows of the again wide and rocky stream, until, at McCall’s Ferry, where you can throw a stone across the river, and where the water,

two hundred feet deep, seems to stand on edge, and careers wickedly through the silent and sullen but swift current, the elastic raft throwing high the spray and bending and swaying like a veritable sea-serpent. Soon after, you glide quietly into "Port," whose glory has departed since lumber and lumbermen have become scarce. You will not fail to notice, however, the peculiar and pretty mansion of white granite, which seems to cling to the side of the sloping hill, terraced with gardens and graperies, the property of Mr. Jacob Tome, and the beautiful Memorial Church, also of granite, built by Mr. Tome, who, once a poor boy, is now the principal personage in that vicinity, and, probably, the richest man in Maryland.

Unlike the lumbermen of an earlier period, you will not be obliged to walk on your return, as a railway follows the river, and will comfortably carry you to Columbia within an hour or two, where you may remain long enough to examine the various industries of the place, admire the long bridge, which you may cross to the other side, there obtaining a good view of Columbia, the river, up and down, and the surrounding country; or, you may continue your journey by rail, *through* "Point Rock," projecting itself boldly into the river, and on which, when it was covered with woods, I have snared many a rabbit and gathered walnuts and chestnuts by the bushel; then right under the overhanging "Chiques Rock," which rises abruptly two or three hundred feet above the road. It is said that in "the good old times" the foxes, when hotly pursued by the hunters and hounds, made for this rock, and some-

times, in the excitement of the chase, went over the cliff, never to afford sport again. There are but few foxes left, the hunters are all gone; but you may here and there still see a sleepy, sad-eyed old dog, the direct descendant of some famous fox-hound, who opens wide his eyes, and pricks his ears, and “gives tongue” in a feeble, half-hearted way, at the sound of a horn, or as

“Some far-off halloo breaks the silent air.”

There are some indications of a revival of this old and exciting pastime. I am told that, on Long Island and in some portions of Pennsylvania, ambitious young men, clad in tights, and crimson coats, and jaunty caps, and young women in gorgeous habits, “ride to hounds” after a fox-perfumed bag dragged on the ground by a rapid rider! But our surroundings, our small farms and careful farmers, and numerous fences, render old-fashioned fox-hunting almost impossible. Perhaps when, according to an eminent reformer, all things shall be held in common, or when large landed estates shall prevail, the sport may be successfully revived. In either event, however, it will be a long time before, in this country,

“Old John hallooes his hounds again!”

Continuing your journey, in sight of the canal and river, past furnaces and forges, you come to Marietta, a quaint, straggling, but rather pretty town, from which you can, in canoe or row-boat, cross the river and ascend “Old Round Top;” from this eminence you may, on a clear day, look for forty miles over a beauti-

ful and highly cultivated country ; or you may visit "Wild-Cat Falls," which is a more lovely spot than its name would indicate.

From Marietta to Middletown is a short ride. At Middletown the now venerable Simon Cameron lived a busy life for a long period ; through Highspire (why so called I never could discover, for there is not a steeple in sight) to Harrisburg, which, you will admit, is, especially along the river-bank, an exceedingly pretty little city. You will stop to look at the enclosed spot where John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, was tied to a stake by the Indians ; but, fortunately, not burned. You will also notice the monument to Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of "everybody's friend," Rip Van Winkle Jefferson, erected by his great admirer, the late Chief-Justice Gibson. You will not linger long at the Capitol, erected in 1822, which, although comfortable and commodious, is hardly worthy of the great State of Pennsylvania, but resume your journey, and come, in time, to Sunbury and Northumberland and Wilkes-barre, all beautiful towns in Pennsylvania, and to Owego, Binghamton, and other thriving places in the State of New York ; or, you may take the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and stop at Williamsport, where the "Big Boom" now collects all the logs, and the numerous saw-mills cut them up into lumber for transportation to other points, or where they are converted into furniture in the numerous establishments in the place. From Williamsport to Jersey Shore, thence to Renovo and Kane and Wilcox (where you may see jets or columns of natural gas flashing out, day and night) and

Warren, and down the Alleghany River to Pittsburgh, no longer, since the discovery and introduction of natural gas, the “Smoky City”; and then back along the Conemaugh, across the Alleghanies, following the Juniata to the Susquehanna, “to the point of departure.”

In either case you will pass through a delightful and interesting country, and will, I trust, have occasion to thank me for directing your attention to, and making you somewhat familiar with, one of the most beautiful of American rivers.





## Columbia.

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**MY** native town, Columbia, to which I have so often alluded, is charmingly situated on the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, here broadening to over a mile in width, and assuming a lake-like appearance. There are high hills, once crowned with luxuriant woods, at either extremity, between which the town securely nestles, extending back from the river, and gradually ascending to a broad table-land studded with fine and well-tilled farms, comfortable dwellings, and the immense barns so common throughout Lancaster County; a rich agricultural country, occupied by well-to-do and intelligent farmers, with here and there a white spire and a pretty village. Columbia is eighty miles from Philadelphia, seventy from Baltimore, only ten from Lancaster City, and about twenty-five from Harrisburg, the State capital. It is now a flourishing town, with upward of ten thousand inhabitants; a railway centre, and the terminus of two canals; has numerous furnaces, rolling-mills, and factories within its limits; fine stores, pure water, good streets, gas and electric lights; three newspapers, many churches, excellent schools, and all the "modern improvements,"



including the Town Hall, which contains a really pretty opera-house, and, annexed, the Market House.

And yet, when I return to it, as I am glad to do, it does not seem to be the same place I knew so many years ago. Nor is it ! The river, to be sure, rolls on as usual, perhaps somewhat diminished in volume ; but the hills are not so green, nor are the “old familiar faces” so numerous ; indeed, the few remaining “ancients” are so disguised with gray hair and wrinkled faces and bent forms, as to be hardly recognizable. It is possible, too, that they may detect the same change, and experience the same difficulty, with the writer of these pages, though I do not realise how that can be ! But I love to think of the dear old town—“*Old Columbia*” (as a portion of it is still called)—which, except in “rafting-time,” was a most peaceful and quiet place ; of the time when the old gray-beards were boys, when the population was not half so great as now ; before the railway destroyed its principal street, and the locomotive made night, and day, too, hideous with its noise ; when the Lombardy poplars that towered in its streets were still considered beautiful trees. I become quite adolescent, as I think of the days when I played “shinny” in the shaded streets, or, on skates, in the winter-time, cut figure 8’s and letter S’s with, as I thought, wonderful skill and beauty ; or, still more delightful, as in cosy sleigh, with warm robes and jingling bells, we drove in the evening to the “Half-way House,” where, to the music of a rustic fiddler, we

“Danced all night,  
Till broad day-light,  
And came home, with the girls,  
In the morning !”

Did you ever play truant ? Do the boys of the present day ever indulge in that luxury ? It was a luxury, as stolen apples and “ cherries ripe ” and purloined pears and peaches are luxuries. I think they tasted infinitely better than those obtained in the regular way. This is, I admit, sad morality and bad doctrine for the young ; but as the young—the *very* young—will not read these lines, I may allude to this propensity as another evidence of natural depravity, which, I dare to hope, you and I have long since outgrown, or, at least, subdued. I am sure, however, that it greatly enhanced the pleasure to stray away from school, for a plunge in the river, or a quiet fish from some secluded or not easily accessible rock or little island ; or a trip, in the season, to the neighboring hills for nuts and chipmunks. It was, too, I remember, quite delightful to walk in the evening with, let me say, a dear friend, to the Sulphur spring, now, alas ! obliterated by the encroaching river ; or, in the early morning, in a canoe with an experienced gunner, to look out and “ lie low for black ducks.” And then the corn-huskings, and the “ quiltings ” (to which favored boys were invited), and the numberless other amusements of interior towns and country life ! And oh, for the “ good old times ! ”

They had their drawbacks, too, which seemed dreadful at the time—trifling, however, in comparison with some encountered in after years, but accompanied with greater ability to bear them—the battered hats and caps, the rent garments, the broken shins (hence “ shinny”), the occasional fights, with incidental black eyes and bruises innumerable, the whippings at school,

and, shall we say, the reprimands at home ? The magnified sorrows and distorted disappointments and supposed deprivations—are they not all recorded in the book of the chronicles that every boy keeps in his memory ; and to which, in after years, the man refers, sometimes with sad delight, sometimes, not often, with poignant grief ? The present obscures the past ; and to-day's troubles are always the hardest to bear.

But it is good to go back to the days of our youth, to revisit the place of our birth. It makes us more lenient to the pranks and pastimes of the young, and more patient with their indiscretions, in that we are reminded of our own early shortcomings. It revives, also, the recollection of what we now esteem our happiest days ; and, if we have been fortunate in life, it takes us back to the time of little things and small beginnings, and makes us interested in, and tolerant of, the efforts of beginners ambitious to rise in the world, and grow in the estimation of those around them. Whether for this or other reasons, this kindly feeling seems to be growing more prevalent ; for certainly the youth of the present are surrounded with comforts and luxuries and educational advantages unknown to and undreamed of by the young people of the last and previous generations. Their environment is more æsthetic and elegant ; and if to me the “far-off hills ” were less verdant, I should be inclined to greatly envy them the beautiful pictures and delightful books so liberally furnished for their delectation, the amusements so generously provided for them—the prepared places for various kinds of sport, the toboggan slides, the parks for lawn tennis and cro-

quet, to say nothing of balls of "the baser sort." Surely they ought to be thankful, and doubtless are, for all these means of enjoyment. Perhaps, too, they will give evidence of increased wisdom and purity and manliness, corresponding with their greater privileges.

Let me not tire you with fancies, but give some facts in regard to Columbia. In 1726, Samuel Blunston, Robert Barber, and John Wright, English Quakers, came from Chester County, Pa., bought land, and became the founders of the place, which, owing to its situation on the Susquehanna, and its rich agricultural surroundings, became a well-known settlement, and rapidly increased in population, while the farming country back of it was peopled by German farmers. The original settlers and their heirs retained, until within a recent period, the ownership of the land ; and the large and comfortable stone house erected by John Wright shortly after his arrival, its interior arrangements slightly changed, is still standing, and occupied by his direct descendants. "Wright's Ferry," which was also the name of the settlement, was chartered in 1730 ; "and for more than fifty years," says Samuel Evans, the chronicler of Columbia, "was the gateway along the main artery of the route leading from the north to Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky, over which the hardy pioneers traveled." The "ferry" must have been, at first, exceedingly primitive, for I read that it consisted of two canoes lashed together, and that it was necessary to unload a wagon before it could be ferried across. As the travel increased, as it did rapidly, better accommodations were provided. In the latter part of the

year 1800, my grandfather, "Philip Gossler," as stated in an old copy of the *Spy* newspaper, "came to Columbia from York, where he kept tavern. He rented the ferry, and kept the tavern near the landing. He also sold lumber and coal, and was the first person who burned stone-coal (anthracite), which was brought down the river in arks. One of the Andersons kept the Wrightsville side of the ferry. Each party had three flatboats: two of the boats were large, and carried two Conestoga wagons with their teams; two were used to carry one and two horse wagons; and two were used to carry foot-passengers and riding horses. The importance and travel over the ferry was great. Mr. Samuel Wade, who is now living, and eighty-six years of age, and who was employed at this ferry by Mr. Gossler, informs me that he has known as many as one hundred and fifty Pittsburgh teams awaiting at one time to be ferried over, and that many were compelled to wait two or three days before they could get their turn." Another writer says: "The business was very large; some days, it is recorded, two to three hundred vehicles would line the shore. These were 'chalked,' and required to wait their turn on the boats." The Ferry "made the place very prominent, and in 1778 Wright's Ferry disappeared from the geography of the country, and a town, known as 'Old Columbia,' was laid out" on a plot of one hundred acres, by Samuel Wright, to whom the land had been devised by his aunt, Susanna Wright, who, it is said, notwithstanding her Quaker training, "ruled the little settlement as absolutely as any queen." In 1814 Columbia was incor-



porated as a borough. Previous to this, in 1798, when Congress was discussing the propriety of establishing a permanent seat of Government, no place attracted more attention, or was more frequently mentioned in the debates, than Wright's Ferry. Let me again refer to my friend "Squire Evans," who writes :

"Colonel Thomas Hartley, a member from York and Cumberland counties, resided in York, and was a brilliant officer, and one of the finest orators in the State. He was one of the most persistent advocates of Wright's Ferry for the site of the National capital.

"After reciting the advantages of the water-courses of the Susquehanna River, in the transportation of merchandise, &c., he said : 'With respect to the settlements in the neighborhood of Wright's Ferry, he would venture to assert it was as thickly inhabited as any part of the country in North America. As to the quality of the soil, it was inferior to none in the world, and though that was saying a good deal, it was not more than he believed a fact. In short, from all the information he had acquired—and that was not inconsiderable—he ventured to pronounce, that in point of soil, water, and the advantages of nature, there was no part of the country superior.'"

Colonel Hartley's eloquence, however, did not prevail, and Wright's Ferry, now Columbia, failed to become the Capital of the United States by just one vote ! The charge is made that Hamilton (who favored Columbia), in consideration of Jefferson's influence in support of the assumption, by the National Government, of the State debts (one of Hamilton's pet schemes), subsequently supported Jefferson's successful efforts to make Washington the Capital. The country has every reason, I think, to be satisfied with the selection of the present site; and Americans may well be proud of their National city. It is now the most beautiful in the Union ; and no one would object if Congress were to



appropriate a large portion of the "surplus," and make it the most magnificent city in the world!

Notwithstanding the defeat, Columbia continued to prosper, and the stream of travel became so great that the ferry was unable to accommodate it, and, in 1812, the longest bridge in the United States was erected, at a cost of \$233,000, a large sum of money at that time; it was destroyed by an ice-freshet in 1832, and rebuilt in 1834. This bridge was burned by order of the officers in command of our troops, to prevent the crossing of the Susquehanna by the Confederates, on their march towards Philadelphia, on June 28, 1863, a few days before the battle of Gettysburg\*, and was not reconstructed until 1868.

\* "The conflagration has been described as a sublime sight, the entire length being on fire at once, with the buildings of Wrightsville, and floating, blazing timbers in the stream. The rebels were on the other bank and the adjacent hills, and crowds of males and females on this side gazing at the sight. The fire department at Columbia was in service striving to save the eastern end of the bridge, but it was useless. 'Soldiers and citizens labored together, also the Philadelphia City Troop. The Troop acted splendidly in the fight.' The opinion offered above is taken from the files at Lancaster, and is embodied in a despatch from Columbia sent immediately after the burning, when everything was fresh in the minds of the people. The only Columbia volunteers in the fight were the fifty-three negroes, who, after making entrenchments with the soldiers, took muskets and fought bravely. The retreat of the troops, the firing of the bridge, and shell and shot falling into the river, created a panic, and the stampede continued during the night, as the shelling of the town was anticipated. The order from Harrisburg to prevent the rebels from crossing was imperative, and the destruction of the bridge was absolutely necessary. The first toll-house on the York turnpike was within the centre of the entrenchments. Company E, 27th Regiment, P. V., covered the retreat in magnificent style. The following day the excitement was so intense at Lancaster that

The present bridge cost over \$400,000, independent of the standing stone piers and abutments. During the interval between 1832 and 1834, the ferry was re-established, and between 1863 and 1868 a steam ferry was in operation. In the first interval my father was part owner of the ferry, and kept the inn (or tavern) near the landing. He was also interested in a line of stages running between Columbia and York. These stages ran regularly and daily, in which respect they were unlike the first coaches (in 1758) which ran between Edinburgh and Newcastle—the public notice stating that “the coach would set out from the Grass Market ilka Tuesday, at twa o’clock in the day, GOD WULLIN’, but, *whether or no*, on Wednesday.”\*

the *Express* suspended all business except military printing, and with true patriotism sounded the call to arms, entreating all able-bodied men to join Colonel Emlin Franklin’s regiment, then organizing. On June 30 the same paper published only a half sheet. In this half sheet we note the following communication from Colonel Samuel Shoch: ‘The bridge at this point, owned by the Columbia Bank, was burned by the United States military authorities, to prevent the rebels from crossing the Susquehanna. The loss will not affect the credit of the bank.’”—*W. U. Barr, in Columbia Courant*.

\* Opposite the house in which he was born, was the inn from which the first coach started from Edinburgh to Newcastle. The public notice stated that “the coach would set out from the Grass Market ilka Tuesday at twa o’clock in the day, GOD WULLIN’, but, *whether or no*, on Wednesday.” Mr. Nasmyth presumes that the “whether or no” was only meant as a warning to passengers that the coach would start, even though all the places were not taken, as though the Divine interposition were to be limited to the ensuring of due custom to the enterprise. It is strange to think that two lives—one of which, happily, still subsists—span the period of the immense revolution represented by the starting of the Edinburgh coach on one hand, and the commencement of electric loco-

I remember the ice-freshet, and the broken bridge, and the coaches with their many noted passengers, of whom I shall have something to say further on. I also have a distinct recollection of the opening of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railway, in 1834; at that time, I think, the longest rail line in the United States, as it was one of the first. The road was built by the State, and for many years managed by officials appointed by the Commonwealth—the Board of Canal Commissioners, who also had charge of the canals and other State improvements. The engineers who laid out the railway contrived to please all the innkeepers between the terminal points by constructing the route to pass close to all the houses of entertainment, where travelers might find refreshments as frequently as they now do along the railways of Germany. Lager beer, I think, was not then a beverage in this country; but there was no difficulty in obtaining, in any quantity, other liquids. This accommodating spirit on the part of the engineers resulted in greatly increasing the cost and length of the railway, and making it as curved and crooked as

tion on the other. Few things, it might well seem, are more surprising than the lack of surprise generally observable in men who are old enough to have witnessed the great mechanical transformation of life which has been effected within this century. To younger people, it often seems as if the days of coaches must have belonged to a different world from the present, while their elders appear to be sensible of no vital change. It is but an illustration of the truth that the human elements of life predominate in all ages over the material, and that the ordinary passions and struggles of human nature render the world substantially the same, whatever its external circumstances.—*Article on James Nasmyth, Engineer: an autobiography, in the London Quarterly Review, April, 1883.*

a letter S, so that when the "State Road" was finally sold to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, it cost that corporation more to "straighten it out" than the original purchase money. I believe there are still a few tangles in it. The engineers of the old road thought that the line of beauty was the curved line, and adopted it, without regard to its usefulness or its capacity for speed and safety. They also conceived that inclined planes were more economical than heavy or even moderate grades. The original road-bed was formed by sinking large square blocks of stone at regular intervals in the ground; on these, cross-ties were placed, on top of which string-pieces were laid, and on these, flat rails, about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, were spiked. The distance from Philadelphia to Columbia, by rail, was eighty-two miles, and there was an inclined plane at both places. The one at Columbia was "avoided" in 1840, and the plane at Philadelphia "circumvented" some years after. The freight cars were not half the size, and about one-fourth the capacity, of those now in use, and the passenger cars like those still in vogue in Europe. Some of them were provided with seats on top. At first, both freight and passenger cars were drawn by horses, the latter consuming ten to twelve hours in accomplishing the eighty odd miles, and the former an indefinite period of time. It was, in comparison with other modes of traveling, a great improvement, and, until the advent of locomotives, quite safe and smooth; but the heavier machinery and greater speed were too severe a test for the primitive road-bed; and the flat rails had an awkward habit

of getting loose and curving, and curling up through the bottom of the car and out at the top, without regard to the safety or convenience of the passengers. They were very appropriately called "snake heads," as they were really destructive, and interfered sadly with the peace of mind so necessary to the comfort of the traveler; and not even the refreshments so frequently offered and bountifully supplied, could render him entirely oblivious to the thought of one of these possible intruders on his privacy. But "we have changed all that," and now travel like a very Prince Charming, in sumptuous cars over the smoothest of roads, and at the exhilarating pace of forty to sixty miles an hour. The "world went very well then," but it goes better now. We can go round the world as easily and quickly as our fathers could reach the Pacific, and make our words and wishes known across the continent in an instant.

Let me linger a little longer over old Columbia; permit me to recall the Quaker Meeting-House—still standing, I believe—a small (plain, of course) brick building of one story, with one entrance, over which was a little projecting porch or roof, which sheltered the Friends as they carefully shook the snow or dust from their shoes, or the rain-drops from their inevitable umbrellas. The attendance was much larger fifty years ago than now. During the interval they have become "gay," or "gone West,"\* or "over to the majority."

\*The largest Quaker settlement in the United States at present is, I believe, at Richmond, Ind.



If any remain, you may be sure to find them at the meeting-house, any first day, on time ! I have heard of a meeting-house in the State of Delaware, where the attendance gradually declined until, finally, there was but one survivor, who continued, through storm and sunshine, winter and summer, to appear at the appointed hour for quiet communion with his Maker. Perhaps a sad, certainly a solitary, brave man !

In the meeting-house at Columbia there was, I remember, a high movable partition, which, like a stage-scene, could be lowered or elevated at pleasure; and when elevated, completely separated the male from the female portion of the audience, which, I do not hesitate to declare, was an extremely aggravating contrivance. It was especially so to a few worldly boys, who at times attended, not to unite in the impressive silence that generally prevailed, nor to listen to the soft, sweet voices of the Friends when the spirit moved them to speech; but, rather, to obtain a glimpse or a glance of the demure, meek-eyed maidens under their plain, prim bonnets ! Was it wicked to do so ? Would you, my friend, even now refrain if the opportunity offered ? Could you be indifferent to the innocent eyes as they looked, wonderingly and reprov-ingly, at your levity ? The elder Quakers evidently thought it was wrong to indulge in such unseemly conduct; for, whenever they discovered the slightest deviation, in look or act, from the strict rules of propriety, up went the hideous board partition, after which "the subsequent proceedings interested us no more;" and we were glad when two Friends stood up in the congregation, and solemnly shook hands—the signal for dismissal.



This strictness was not confined to the Quakers; and the observance of the Sabbath by the Presbyterian and other denominations, at that time, is something unknown in these days, and would, if revived, be considered appalling. All secular business and pursuits were suspended, and the solid wooden shutters closed, while the doors were only opened to allow egress and entrance in going to and returning from church. Even on hot summer nights it was considered improper to "go out front" for a breath of air. The evening service commenced at "early candle-light," and continued until the "tallow dips" had burned very low indeed. Sabbath-school scholars were rewarded for good conduct, and for memorizing Scripture verses, with red and blue tickets, which, after large accumulations, might be exchanged for a book, subsequently exhibited as great treasures by the children; and by the parents, as evidences of wonderful precocity on the part of their offspring.

On July 17, 1887, the Presbyterian church of Columbia celebrated, with appropriate ceremonies, the seventy-fifth anniversary of its dedication. The present pastor, Rev. George W. Ely, preached an excellent and eloquent historical discourse, replete with information concerning the church building, its successive pastors, and its varying fortunes, spiritual and otherwise. I am glad to be reminded, by this timely production, of my own acquaintance with the edifice, and of some incidents connected with it, which, though not dating so far back as 1812, is sufficiently remote to make it difficult to recall all that I should like to note. Some things are indelibly impressed on my memory. The church

now occupies the site on which it was originally built, but many changes have taken place since I first saw it. Then it stood back from the street, a row of towering Lombardy poplars on the street, and several of these tall, old-fashioned trees in the little yard between the street and the entrance to the church, where the town and country folk lingered, before and after the service, to discuss the crops, the weather, and the sermon; and, perhaps, indulge in a little harmless gossip. The poplars disappeared long ago, and were replaced by maples, which, also, in their turn, were cut down after attaining goodly proportions. The spacious sheds, erected to accommodate the horses and vehicles of that portion of the congregation who drove or rode in from the surrounding country, have also disappeared; the church itself, enlarged and extended to the pavement, is not materially changed in appearance.

One of my earliest recollections is connected with a missionary meeting, held in this church. I was a "small boy" at the time. I remember that I sat in the gallery, that extended across one end of the church; and, from the subsequent proceedings, I'm afraid that for a time I must have attracted as much attention as the missionaries themselves; for I have a very distinct recollection of the old sexton—a good, but severe and solemn-looking High Church Presbyterian—conducting me, in, as I thought, a rather forcible and disgraceful manner, down-stairs, where, in one of the pews, I afterwards, as I have been informed, behaved with becoming propriety, and listened to the services with serious attention. There were four missionaries

—two men and two women. They had recently been married, and were going, I believe, to some, to me unknown and unheard-of, place in India.

It was “their wedding journey.” It seemed to me to be a dreary thing to do, and an utterly useless undertaking. They, however, did not think so, for, while the congregation was in tears, and “From Greenland’s Icy Mountains” was sobbed out rather than sung, the missionaries stood up, cheerful, joyful, even jubilant! I know nothing of the after history of these devoted men and women: I do not even remember their names. I might, I suppose, have easily ascertained and recorded them here; but I prefer to think of them as of the Good Samaritan, whose name, during all the centuries that have elapsed since that remarkable encounter on the Jericho Road, no one, no anxious person, no cunning antiquary, no inquisitive reporter, has ever discovered. But like that and other unknown benefactors, their actions, after the lapse of time and remote from the scene of their labors, “smell sweet and blossom in the dust,” and are odorous of the spicy breezes that “blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle.” All the world knows now, that through their exertions, and of others like-minded, many waste places have been made glad, many deserts made to bloom, many sad hearts cheered and comforted by the “good news” carried to them from “a far country.”

The old church will, I hear, soon be removed, and a new and more modern edifice erected, either on the old or another site. The affections of other generations, let us hope, will cluster around the new, as ours still cling to the old building and its memories. I trust, also,

that with all the light it may shed, and all the good it may accomplish, the new edifice may also serve as a constant reminder of one of the noblest of old Columbians, whose graceful generosity has added so materially to the fund raised for its construction.

The Rev. Stephen Boyer was the first preacher of whom I have any distinct recollection. He was, at one time, the regular pastor of the church; he afterward removed to York, where he became principal of the York County Academy, but continued, at intervals, to supply the Columbia pulpit; and it was on those occasions that I first heard him preach. The York County Academy was a noted institution in that day: it still enjoys a flourishing existence, and recently (September 20, 1887) celebrated its centennial. My grandfather, Philip Gossler, was a member of the first Board of Trustees; and it was perhaps on that account, as well as our intimacy with Mr. Boyer, that I was sent, at an early age, to that Academy. With three or four other boys, I boarded with Mr. Boyer during the two years that I attended the Institution presided over by him. Mr. Daniel Kirkwood, afterward President of Delaware College, and celebrated as an astronomer, was Mr. Boyer's assistant. It was my first absence from home, and although York was only twelve miles distant, it seemed an hundred or a thousand. It was a much larger place than Columbia, and much more important: the Continental Congress had held its sessions there in 1777-78, when Philadelphia was occupied by the British army. For that reason, as well as because its four or five churches were surmounted by high steeples with clanging bells,

the good people of York rather looked down on its neighbor Columbia, inasmuch as there were no spires on its churches, and Congress had not condescended to tarry there, even for a day. It was, and still is, a beautiful town (city, perhaps, now that its population exceeds twenty thousand), situated in a low-lying valley, through which the Codorus Creek flows sluggishly to its junction with the Susquehanna, some miles beyond. I can still hear the bells of the four churches, which, in German fashion, were rung persistently on the Sabbath; and, at this distance of space and time, they do not seem to sound unpleasantly; but their doleful tolling, on occasion of death or a funeral, was very depressing. The Lutheran and German Reformed Churches were provided with excellent organs, and great attention was paid to the musical services. The preaching in these churches was in the German language; and I remember, with greater pleasure than I have ever since experienced in hearing that tongue spoken, the sweet, sonorous utterances of the venerable Dr. Schmucker, of which, however, I regret to say, I did not understand one syllable.

The great event in York, as in all county-towns in Pennsylvania, fifty years ago, was the "Militia Muster," when all the able-bodied men of the county, and all the small boys and their mothers, came to town, to see the soldiers—a motley set. There were one or two companies in gorgeous uniforms and wonderfully plumed hats, with glittering swords and burnished muskets: but most of them were ununiformed, and carried broom-handles or corn-stalks for muskets, which



answered quite as well as real fire-arms for the harmless and simple evolutions required of them. But it was not these reeds shaken by the wind that the people "came out for to see." There were all sorts of side-shows : flying-horses and carriages, that made their occupants sick as they whirled round and round ; booths in which Punch and Judy—was there ever anything invented to displace this ancient couple in the estimation of children ?—went through their oft-repeated but always popular performances ; tents in which wonderful three-headed and five-legged animals were exhibited, and mischievous monkeys and awful anacondas and big boa-constrictors, only surpassed in terrifying ugliness or deformity by their pictorial representation on the "outer walls" of the tents ; innumerable stands where spruce beer, a most innocent beverage, and gingerbread were sold, and of which immense quantities were consumed. Occasionally, there was a balloon ascension, on the "Common," in observing which we were lost in astonishment ; and as the balloon soared away higher and higher, and became dimmer and more distant, we wondered whether it was destined for the stars, and if its happy occupant would ever come back to earth. There was generally a circus ; and sometimes the execution of a criminal, which then took place in the open air, in sight of the multitude, and which, in connection with the liquor that always abounded, was often the cause of another homicide. Happily, these revolting exhibitions have passed away with the abandonment of the old militia system.

I must have been a favorite with Mr. Boyer, who



preached on alternate Sundays at Codorus and Lower Chanceford, ten and fifteen miles distant, and invariably selected me to accompany him on these serious excursions. Starting on Saturday afternoon, we reached our destination in time for an early supper, which we would now call an abundant dinner, really a "feast of fat things." I greatly enjoyed these repasts, but the attendant circumstances were, to a lively lad, and hungry at that, rather trying. The "grace before meat," and *after*, was prolonged indefinitely—I thought the former unnecessarily so. Then there was an hour of Shorter Catechism, after which Scripture readings and prayers. On Sunday morning and evening, similar services, and, in the interval, two sermons of two hours each. On Monday morning, a very early start, of course preceded by the usual services. For two years I went through this ordeal, every Saturday and Sunday *and* Monday morning, and I am constrained to admit that it became tedious and tiresome, and caused me to wish that good Mr. Boyer would, occasionally at least, *favor* one of the other boys! But he did not; and, if any of my friends of later years have noticed my facility in forgetting the contents of that admirable compendium of piety, the Shorter Catechism, I beg them to believe that my old teacher is not responsible for this defect. Indeed, I have observed that but comparatively few can correctly answer the one hundred and seven questions propounded in that little book. Hannah More, it is recorded, "repeated the catechism before she was four years old, and struck mute the respectable clergyman of the parish, to whom it seemed but the

day before that he had received her at the font." I should be equally astonished to hear it repeated by any of my friends of forty and upwards. If any, too, have thought me irregular or remiss in my attendance at church services, will they please bear in mind my early experience, and charitably conclude that, on the whole, I have made a "fair average"? I trust they may also have reason to believe that the exercises to which I have referred, have not, in my case, been wholly without some good result. Now that "distance lends enchantment to the view," I think of the old stone church in the woods at Lower Chanceford, the worshippers and their vehicles, the midday meals under the trees, even the long sermons and the "Shorter Catechism," with a mild kind of enthusiasm; and with positive delight of my visits, after leaving York, to another church in the woods at Donegal—the oldest Presbyterian church organization in that region, dating back as far as 1723—about six miles from Columbia. Not because there was any laxity of discipline, nor less sternness and severity in the bearing of the church officers, all of whom were of Scotch-Irish descent, and, like General Jackson, wore their white hair stiff and high up in the air; but for the reason that, on account of the high-backed pews, the boys could perform all sorts of antics, or even go to sleep, without detection. To be sure, the preacher, who was perched in an elevated circular pulpit, with a sounding-board above it, might have noticed the pranks played below, but generally he was too much interested in his sermon to remonstrate. The aisles of the church were paved with brick, and

immense stoves at either end were supposed to heat it in cold weather. When I revisited Donegal, a few years ago, the outward appearance of the edifice had undergone but little change, but the interior was altogether different. The backs of the pews, alas! had been lowered, and the seats made luxurious with crimson cushions. The high pulpit, too, had been removed; but the brick pavement remained, as also the dense grove of chestnut and walnut, oak and hickory trees surrounding the church; and a big spring, a rod or two off, bursting from a limestone rock with volume and force enough to turn a mill-wheel, still poured out its bright and sparkling waters into a pool populated with speckled trout. It was, I regret to say, the outside surroundings rather than the teaching within, that made the old Donegal church attractive to the writer in those early days. The farm and substantial farm-buildings adjoining are now owned and occupied by General Simon Cameron, a hale and hearty octogenarian. Here, after an active and eventful life, he is spending his latter days, the quiet relieved occasionally by a grand dinner to the "Farmer's Club," composed of gentlemen who, however famous and intelligent in other respects, know nothing at all about farming—have never plowed a furrow, nor handled a golden pumpkin, nor threshed a handful of wheat, nor stacked a shock of corn, nor shook down a single bright, brown chestnut, nor stained their immaculate hands with green walnuts or butter-nuts! Whatever may be the delights of a city life, it is, I think, a great privilege to have been born, and to have lived for a while at least, in the country.

The road to Donegal passed through the little village of Maytown, where, when I was a boy, in the centre of the place stood the town-pump, and close by towered the May-pole. I have seen it garlanded with flowers. I never danced around it ; but I know serious and sedate people who, when *they* were young, indulged in that wild and hilarious amusement. The young men and maidens of the present day have more serious employment, and are content with the more measured movement of the "German," and the mild excitement of the bewildering waltz.

At the time of which I write, the population of Columbia was less than four thousand, and about six hundred of that number were "colored folk," many of whom were runaway slaves, who had escaped over the border *via* the Underground Railway, and concluded to stop at this station, with the river between them and their masters, and take the chances of recapture. They lived in a part of the town that was, on account of the redundancy of negroes, rather appropriately called "Tow Hill." They were a good-natured but improvident people; in the summer-time making a fair living by drawing lumber (that is, separating and washing the boards, of which the rafts floated down the Susquehanna during the freshets were composed, and placing them in tall piles that lined the shore along the entire river-front), and in the winter by hiring out in various capacities, in robbing hen-roosts, and stealing fence-rails for fire, with which to cook their spoil and, at the same time, keep themselves warm. If, on the neighboring hills, they could "tree a coon," or

“snare a 'possum,” the poultry were safe for the *nonce*. With the negro, the daintiest delicacies cannot compare with a “coon roast” or a “'possum stew.” But they are far from indifferent cooks of other edibles. Indeed, some of the best caterers in Philadelphia, and cities south of it, are colored people. As prepared by them, the opossum and coon are odorous and palatable dishes, and their terrapin is simply unapproachable! I remember with great affection one ebony-faced woman, who invariably wore the bright yellow and scarlet bandanna around her head, who never appeared to be either old or young, who could neither read nor write, and was guided by no written rule or recipe, but who never failed (if provided with an abundance of the best materials) to furnish the most delicious and savory dishes, and feathery pastry such as I have never seen excelled. And in saying this, I am not unmindful of others who have since successfully ministered to a keen appetite and a good digestion.\*

\* Many are the 'possum stories related by and of the negroes; one of them, for which I believe the Hon. Joseph Blackburn, of Kentucky, is responsible, is of an old darkey, who once caught a 'possum one cold Thanksgiving Day, and taking it home to his cabin, built up the fire and put it into the pot. Then he lay down, tired out, with his feet to the fire, darkey fashion, and went to sleep. As he lay there, snoring, while the 'possum simmered in the pot, his son, a limber, bright-eyed youth, glided into the cabin. He took in the situation at a glance. The 'possum was ready to be eaten, and its strong aroma filled the room. Stepping softly to the fire, the graceless youth took the 'possum out of the pot and rapidly devoured its gamey flesh, chuckling softly to himself as he did so. When he had eaten all there was to eat, he gathered the bones in a little pile beside the fire-place, and then smearing a little of the 'possum-grease on the mouth and nose of the sleeping man, he softly stole out. By and by



Christmas and New Year's are great occasions with the colored brethren. I think that "Quarterly" or "Protracted" meetings were held about this season of the year; and on the nights before Christmas and New Year's, they formed in procession, and, bearing torches and singing their wild and weird melodies, marched until midnight! To the young people of the town, this was a sight to see and a sound to hear never to be forgotten by them.

As I have mentioned, they are an improvident race; but there were exceptions, of course. Many of these people were frugal and energetic, and possessed of excellent business qualifications, and some of them became quite wealthy. Among those, the most prominent was STEPHEN SMITH, who died a few years ago, at Germantown, Pa. He was born a slave, but purchased his freedom when nineteen years old, and came to Columbia, where he resided for many years, and amassed a fortune in the lumber business. After leaving Columbia, he lived in Philadelphia, where he added to his fortune, preached occasionally, built a church, at his own expense, for his people, and supported it during his life. He was always liberal and generous to his own race, and was a good citizen, respected and

old Pompey awoke. The air was redolent of boiled 'possum—the old man's mouth watered. Rising slowly to his feet, he took off the lid of the pot and looked in.

"Jerusha mighty!" he exclaimed; "it's done gone!"

Then glancing down at the fire-place, he saw the whitened bones, and passing his hand over his mouth, he felt and smelled the 'possum grease. A broad smile spread over his puzzled face:

"Good Lawd!" he exclaimed, "I done forgot I eat him!"



esteemed by both whites and blacks. WILLIAM WHIPPER was another colored man, whom I am glad to think of as an estimable and intelligent gentleman, and a kind friend.

I do not wonder at the attachment that existed in the South between the whites and their negro house-servants. The latter were so simple and confiding, and took such a lively interest in the family and household affairs of their masters, that they became, as it were, a part of the family, and frequently assumed the family name. The colored people were for so many years the only servants in Columbia houses, that similar attachments were sometimes formed. They were (even if occasionally lax and lazy and irregular in their habits) so good-natured and well-mannered, that it was impossible to be very indignant or long angry with them. If they were not always anxious to work, they were invariably ready to accompany one on a fishing or gunning expedition, and generally succeeded in catching most of the fish and bagging a majority of the game. In fact, we could not dispense with their attendance, for even the dogs loved them—so much, indeed, that the white boys could not induce them to follow until the blacks led the way and whistled them on. City sportsmen to-day, I am told, experience the same mortification. They go forth, “conquering and to conquer,” equipped with all the modern accoutrements and paraphernalia, and are surprised to discover at the end of the day that their ragged, bare-footed guide, with hazel rod and coarse line, has captured the finest trout; and, with an old and ordinary shot-gun, brought down the greatest number of birds.

The market was one of the institutions, as well as one of the great attractions, of Columbia. Shall I ever again see such piles of vegetables, such pyramids of apples—red Romanites, and yellow Pippins, and creamy Bell-flowers, and mellow Rambos—such rolls of golden butter; such puddings and “scraple,” and interminable coils and endless links of sausage! The markets of our large cities could not surpass the quarters of fat beef, the diminutive pigs (at which, could he have seen them, Charles Lamb would have chuckled with delight), the plump poultry, the bunches of sage and summer savory, of thyme and sweet marjoram, and the hundred other commodities and compounds with impossible and unpronounceable names! I am sure I shall never forget the unearthly hour, announced by the ringing of a big bell, at which the market opened—four o’clock in the morning! when all decent people should have been in bed and fast asleep. The whole town was astir: some with lanterns (it was my vocation, I remember, to carry and frantically wave one of these perforated tin illuminators, or, rather, “dark lanterns”), all with baskets, wending their way to market! Truly, the housekeepers in that day—and I believe the custom still prevails—labored for their living. The laggards may have had a good time in bed, but they were obliged to put up with a poor breakfast and a scantier dinner, for within an hour of the ringing of that terrible bell there was but little left from which to choose. On Easter Day, the “King of the Manor,” and other famous farmers, brought in their show cattle!—immense oxen; meek-eyed, patient creatures they were,

their horns and heads and tails decorated with bright ribbons, their ribs covered with fat a foot in thickness. During the holidays the exhibition of Christmas trees, of "motzepahns," of gingerbread giants, and prancing horses of the same material, was something wonderful ! I have never owned a horse since my last pair of splendid ginger thoroughbreds disappeared down the Red-Lane, a mysterious thoroughfare only known to boys of a certain age. They were beautiful horses : they were not fast; they could not accomplish their mile in 2:40—indeed, it would be difficult to describe their gait—but they were quite as useful as some of our modern high-steppers, inasmuch as they never got sick, and never wanted shoeing. Besides, they were not at all expensive, for, instead of impoverishing their owner by "eating their heads off" in the stall, I could eat *them*—and finally did !

Of course, so important and lively a town as Columbia could not long remain without a newspaper. It seems necessary to the existence of every well-regulated village that it should have an organ, or, rather, a horn or a trumpet, through which to blow, or make proclamation of its advantages, facilities, and growing greatness. Accordingly, the *Columbia Spy* made its appearance at an early period. The *Spy* is the oldest newspaper in Lancaster County, outside of Lancaster City. It was founded, it is claimed, in 1816 ; but my recollection, very dim and indistinct, goes back only to 1830, when the paper came into the possession of John L. Boswell, who, in 1836, disposed of his interest and removed to Hartford, Conn., and purchased and con-

ducted the *Hartford Courant*, now, I believe, published and edited by ex-Governor Hawley and Charles Dudley Warner. Preston B. Elder, who succeeded Mr. Boswell, was a gentleman of fine literary tastes, and a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, then conducted by William E. Burton, more celebrated as a comedian than as an editor. Mr. Elder died in 1839, when Major James Patton became the proprietor of the *Spy*. Major Patton was also Collector of canal tolls at Columbia, and it was in this office that Colonel Thos. A. Scott (afterwards President of the Pennsylvania Railway), who was his brother-in-law and chief clerk, received his education in the transportation business. Let me add, just here, that Columbia being the then terminus of the railway, all freight destined for the west, or going east, was transferred to and from the Canal, which extended to the Ohio River at Pittsburgh, giving employment to many active and intelligent young men, who, when the public works of Pennsylvania were purchased by the Pennsylvania Railway Company, were taken into the employ of that company, which at once received the benefit of a corps of trained, experienced, and practical transporters, and gave it the advantage over all rival routes, which it has ever since retained.

But to return to the *Spy*, which, in 1843, was sold by Major Patton to Eli Bowen and Jacob L. Gossler. Mr. Bowen retired in 1844, and Mr. Gossler in 1845. During my connection with the paper I had some acquaintance with one who, while he lived, was not greatly esteemed by those who knew him, but has since acquired a

world-wide reputation and renown. I allude to Edgar Allen Poe. That remarkable poem, "The Raven," had just made its appearance in the *American Whig Review* (subsequently merged into *Putnam's Magazine*), and attracted great attention. It was thought the *Spy* would be more widely known if Mr. Poe could be secured as a correspondent, and we accordingly wrote him on the subject. He at once consented, and agreed to write a weekly letter, occupying about one column in our paper, for five dollars per letter. We thought this a moderate compensation, but it was really extravagant in comparison with, as we afterwards learned, the salary of ten dollars per week that he received for editing the *Magazine*, which, at the time, after the *North American Review*, was the most popular, and considered the highest literary authority, in this country. Several of these letters—five, I think—appeared in the *Spy*. They were attractive and interesting, on account of allusions to places and persons in Philadelphia and New York, but not otherwise remarkable. What they contained of criticism, &c., has been incorporated in his published writings. With all his irregularities, Mr. Poe was careful to preserve every scrap he wrote, and utilized his material by repeating, with some modification, his productions in different publications.

One of his articles published in *Graham's Magazine* was entitled "On Autography." It was illustrated with the *fac-simile* signatures of many distinguished writers of the period; and Mr. Poe undertook to decide, from these autographs, the peculiarities and character-



istics of the authors. His own autograph, at the head of the article, was clear and distinct, but peculiar, and, one would say, characteristic of the author of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." His letters were remarkably plain and easily decipherable; and the punctuation and orthography (two things in which many distinguished writers are sadly deficient) perfect.\* The *i*'s were all dotted, every *t* crossed, and there were no blots nor erasures. They were a delight to the compositor, except that they were written on the four pages of a foolscap sheet of paper, only a sufficient space reserved on the fourth page for the address and stamp—the letter being folded in the old style and no envelope used.

I have pleasant recollections of my two years' connection with the *Spy*, and of the friends who, from time

\*An author of some note (see "Men, Places, and Things:" by William Matthers, LL. D.) has written a paper on the "Tricks of Types"; in which he gives many amusing instances of blunders on the part of compositors, calculated to place the writer in a ludicrous light. Doubtless that imp, the "printer's devil," is responsible for many errors, but it is hardly fair to make such sweeping assertions as the following: "It has often surprised those who have been made the victims of typographical errors, that, amid the infinite combination of types, there are no lucky blunders in the author's favor, turning cacophony into euphony, turgidity into sublimity, and nonsense into sense." Printers are not expected to vary the sense or improve the style of the "copy" set before them, although that is not infrequently the case; but many authors, I may say the majority of them, are indebted to the compositor for correct orthography and improved punctuation. I have seen in the original MSS. prepared by distinguished men, entire paragraphs without a single point, which, if printed as written, would have resulted in sentences more interminable than the longest of Mr. Evart's, without their coherence.



to time, contributed to its columns. Among them were Prof. S. S. Haldeman, and his brother Dr. E. Haldeman. Prof. Haldeman was born near Columbia in 1812. He was Professor of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania and in Delaware College, and the author of several valuable works on scientific subjects. His "Philosophy of Language" is an authority. His beautiful residence was built in a pretty nook, with a fine out-look on the Susquehanna and the opposite hills, but just under the projecting cliff of Chiques Rock; and I got the impression, on every occasion that I passed the mansion, that I should never see it again, fully expecting to hear, at any moment, of its entire demolition by some falling, crashing boulder. The house still stands, but the once hospitable occupant has passed hence. So, too, have his brother, also the genial John Frederick Houston, the able but eccentric Samuel W. Mifflin, and that "ready writer," Theodore ("Den.") Cochran, all of whom furnished occasional articles; likewise my farmer friend, Jacob Garber, who was learned as well as practical in the "Agricultural Column." But three of the old contributors remain, J. Houston Mifflin,\* Francis Xavier Zeigler, and Colonel

\* Since the above was written, my old and valued friend, J. Houston Mifflin, has also departed—February 13, 1888. It may interest my readers, even if they did not have the pleasure of his acquaintance, to read the following notice of one of the most courteous and cultured gentlemen of his time :

"The death of J. Houston Mifflin, at Columbia, in his 81st year, will recall to many old Philadelphians his early career in this city. His father was Joseph Mifflin, of rigid Quaker doctrine and descent; his mother, Martha Houston, of strict Presbyterian proclivities, both of old families of

Samuel Schoch, to whom I beg to renew, even at this late day, my thanks for kindly assistance rendered in sundry emergencies. Of the last of the three just named, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* writes: "The early riser of Columbia, on his way to desk or bench, may note, any bright morning, standing at the front door of his residence, Colonel Samuel Schoch, the oldest living bank president in America. It is the form of one who has entered on the 93d (January, 1888) year of an eventful career, in peace and war, in finance and politics, in journalism and in private life. His manly figure and erect carriage are the wonder and admiration of the generation growing up around him!" He can still, let me add, entertain his visitors by gracefully reciting a favorite poem; or, with delicate fingering, "discourse sweet music" on his beloved violin; and, I verily believe, he might, if necessary, indulge, and vigorously too, in the rapid movement of an old-fashioned Virginia Reel.

the State. Retaining some of the Puritanical spirit of the fathers, both were adverse to the cultivation of the æsthetic; but, notwithstanding the admonition of friends, Mr. Mifflin early devoted himself to the pursuit of art. He studied drawing 'from the life' at the Academy of the Fine Arts, and later, with Sully, Nagle, and the Peales, painted the fair Philadelphians of his day. In 1835 he went to Europe with Deveau, a fellow-student of talent from the South, who, dying in Rome, Mr. Mifflin saw buried near the grave of the poet Keats. After studying in Paris in company with Healy, he returned to America and painted portraits of some of the celebrities of the North, and many portraits and miniatures in the chief cities of the South. He was the author of a graceful volume of poems; wrote occasionally for the leading periodical of the times, *The Gentleman's Magazine*; lectured on art, and was devoted to the drama. Though by no means a business-man, he held, at various times, many unsalaried positions of public trust."—*Philadelphia Press*, February 23, 1888.




## An Old Turnpike-Road.

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**H**ERE—I am ashamed to confess it—I have been for all these years in “blissful ignorance” of the proper name of the road over which I have so often traveled, and which passed directly in front of my father’s house ! I have discovered my error only since I came to write these pages, by referring to that much-neglected book, the dictionary, to which and to the cyclopedia I am, with many others—and among them some noted personages—greatly indebted for important information and instruction. “Pikes” and “Turnpikes,” as we used to say, and as they are still called, with reference to a macadamized highway, according to the authority just named, are incorrect terms. Let me quote from that valuable volume :

*Turnpike*—A frame consisting of two bars crossing each other at right angles, and turning on a post or pin, to hinder the passage of beasts, but admitting a person to pass between the arms : a turn-stile.

“ I move upon my axle like a turnpike.”—*B. Jonson*.

 They seem originally to have belonged to fortifications, the points being made sharp to prevent the approach of horses : they were, therefore, *pikes* to turn back assailants.—*Nares*.

A gate set across a road to stop travelers and carriages till the toll is paid for keeping the road in repair.

*Turnpike-man*—A man who collects toll at a turnpike.

*Turnpike-road*—A road on which turnpikes, or toll-gates, are established by law, and which are made and kept in repair by the toll collected from the travelers, or passengers, who use the road.

The particular turnpike-road of which I write was about eighty feet wide, the centre, say forty feet, elevated from one to three feet and macadamized; with what was called "Summer" or dirt roads on either side. The turnpike-roads remain pretty much as they were fifty years ago, the only perceptible difference being that the roads are perhaps more neglected and in worse repair, the turnpikes (toll-gates) more numerous, and the tolls more exorbitant, which is progress in the wrong direction! (There is no good reason for this, as I am informed that the stocks of many of these companies are in great demand, at high prices, on account of the large dividends declared—eight to twenty per cent.) *The* turnpike-road stretches from the Delaware River at Philadelphia, to the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and was once the great thoroughfare over which passed nearly all the traffic and travel between the East and the West, and between Philadelphia and the country north of it and Baltimore, Washington, and farther south and southwest. I remember the four-horse coaches, as they dashed through the town, the horns blowing, and the horses at a round gallop; but I have a more vivid recollection of the huge, lumbering freight wagons (called "Conestoga" wagons), drawn by six powerful horses. The wagons were covered with heavy white canvas, stretched over hoops, and usually came in processions of ten to twenty and upwards, looking like moving tents, and making quite an imposing appear-



ance. At night the horses were unharnessed, the feed-box (attached during the day to the rear of the wagon) placed on the pole or tongue, from which the horses partook of their evening oats, and then, the ground being littered with straw, stretched their tired limbs to rest and sleep, while the wagoners made merry and told stories and sung songs in the wayside tavern, in front of which their teams were bivouacked. Here, too, when the "canal fever" raged, the wagoners uttered their complaints, and bewailed the possible destruction of their trade, and the future uselessness and unprofitableness of horses and mules ! Their grievances were embodied in rude ballads, which were printed and widely circulated. I had hoped to incorporate one or more of these compositions in these pages, but to my surprise, I have not been able to secure a copy of any of them.

In the early morning the journey was resumed—the train was again in motion. On each of the horses, on an arched iron or wooden frame, above the shoulder, was a chime of bells—four or six of them. As they plodded along with their heavy load, over the hills and through the valleys, these bells made a rude sort of music not unpleasant to the ear. In the narrow country lanes of England, and the narrower streets in many towns on the Continent, it is easy to understand why the horses wear bells, and the drivers crack their whips in such a startling manner, both necessary warnings to approaching vehicles; but I could never ascertain exactly why, on our broad roads and open country, such devices were necessary, unless as merely orna-

mental appendages, or to vary by their simple melody the monotonous journey; or, more probably, it was a custom brought over by our ancestors, and adopted here without regard to its propriety or necessity.\*

Many of the wagoners were well-to-do farmers, who, in idle or dull times, utilized their horses by an occa-

\* It would seem that the Southern wagon was somewhat like the "Conestoga" above described. The former, however, was not used for the transportation of freight, but by emigrants moving farther West. The following account of the method of conducting the emigration movement in the South is taken from Flint's "History of the Mississippi Valley," published in 1832:

"On account of the universality and cheapness of steamboat and canal passage and transport, more than half the whole number of immigrants now arrive in the West by water. This remark applies to nine-tenths of those that come from Europe and the Northern States. They thus escape much of the expense, slowness, inconvenience, and danger of the ancient, cumbrous, and tiresome journey in wagons. They no longer experience the former vexations of incessant altercations with landlords, mutual charges of dishonesty, discomfort from new modes of speech and reckoning money, from breaking down carriages and wearing out horses. . . . Immigrants from Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia still immigrate, after the ancient fashion, in the Southern wagon. This is a vehicle almost unknown at the North, strong, comfortable, commodious, containing not only a movable kitchen, but provisions and beds. Drawn by four or six horses, it subserves all the various intentions of house, shelter, and transport, and is, in fact, the Southern ship of the forests and prairies. The horses that convey the wagon are large and powerful animals, followed by servants, cattle, sheep, swine, dogs, the whole forming a primitive caravan, not unworthy of ancient days and the plains of Mamre. The procession moves on with power in its dust, putting to shame and uncomfortable feelings of comparison the Northern family with their slight wagon, jaded horses, and subdued though jealous countenances. Their vehicle stops; and they scan the staunch, strong Southern hulk, with its chimes of bells, its fat black drivers, and its long train of concomitants, until they have swept by."



sional trip to Pittsburgh, conveying thither dry-goods, groceries, etc., from Philadelphia, and returning laden with Western products ; while others again were professional wagoners, and rather rough and irreverent men. I'm afraid "Holiness to the Lord" was not "written on the bells of *their* horses," and that they indulged not infrequently in the "Old Rye" and "Monongahela," that could be easily obtained at all the roadside inns, and, in consequence, in a good deal of unnecessary profanity. One of the wagoners of the better sort, Joseph Ritmer (the "Wagon-boy of the Alleghanies"), became Governor of Pennsylvania ; during his administration the famous "Buckshot War," in which Thaddeus Stevens was a prominent actor, occurred ; while others, as it became evident that the days of turnpike-roads, for purposes of transportation, were numbered, settled down as commission merchants at Pittsburgh, where they became prominent and prosperous citizens. And well they might ! for trade was brisk and charges were extravagant. The products of the farther West and Southwest were forwarded by steamboats to Pittsburgh, and thence transported by canal, and afterward by rail, to the Eastern cities. The levee at Pittsburgh was crowded with bales of cotton, barrels of whisky and flour, with bags of grain, with pig-iron and other commodities, all of which passed through their hands, and on which charges were exacted from consignees or consignors, for labor, for storage, for insurance, for cartage, for rattage, for commissions, and for various other services. These charges were all considered proper and legitimate, except perhaps *rattage*

(I do not find this word in the dictionary), which also was correct enough on shipments of flour and grain, and the like ; but when, on one occasion, a large lot of *pig-iron* was consigned to a certain firm, and the account-of-sales came back with all the usual charges, including rattage, the consignor could not quite comprehend the propriety of that item, and so wrote to the consignee at Pittsburgh that future shipments of that metal would be forwarded *via* some other point, where the digestive powers of the rats were not so remarkable as the Pittsburgh rodents.\* But this was in the “good old times.” Now, while the rates of freight are merely nominal, all these charges, including even, on foreign shipments, delivery into the hold of the vessel, cost the consignor or consignee nothing, the railways performing these services without compensation. “And yet they are not happy !”

But to return to the Old Turnpike-road, which I have reached only to wander again into side - paths and “Summer roads.” My father, as previously mentioned, kept the inn, or tavern, on the street fronting the river, and not far from the entrance to the bridge ; the road passed directly by the house, and, as a boy, I had ample opportunity to notice the daily panorama moving past—east and west, north and south, coaches and wagons, carriages and horses, immense herds of

\* This is not so remarkable after all ! On the Continent, an insect has recently been discovered that consumes railway iron—first injecting a mysterious liquid, which quickly rusts the iron, after which the porous or honey-combed rails furnish, it is said, an excellent and palatable repast for the insects !

cattle from the far west and southwest, on their way to eastern cities ; droves of horses, swine, and sheep ; and even turkeys, some with heads proud and erect, others with tired, drooping wings—all quietly following the leader.

Projecting from the second-story of the Inn, on an iron cross-bar, swung General George Washington in all his glory, with powdered hair and ruffled shirt ; with courtly coat, and sombre “tights,” and buckled shoes, and, at his side, a splendid sword—in which exposed position and “in spite of wind and weather,” he preserved his awful serenity ; and condescendingly looked down on the suspended “Sorrel Horse” which pranced constantly but ineffectually in front of the rival Inn, on the opposite corner. I thought the sign a remarkable work of genius, and have often since wondered why it was not preserved to adorn some museum or make famous some art gallery ! The stern dignity of the Father of his Country, and his severe and majestic attitude, have never been effaced from my memory ; nor has any other picture I have ever seen so completely realized my conception of Washington ! I have seen pictorial representations of General Andrew Jackson, with his stiff, bristling, upright hair, that might, possibly, have had a more terrifying effect on the British ; but nothing that could so effectually suppress all attempts at familiarity on the part of soldiers or civilians, friends or foes, as this swinging sign, to which I look back with so much reverence !

Of course, these village inns, or taverns, were not pretentious affairs like our present “Grand” and “Impe-

rial" hotels ; nor, indeed, were the city hosteleries at that period; but you invariably found good entertainment and polite attention. I am quite sure that the staring or indifferent and high-headed hotel clerk of to-day, who waves you to your room with the air of an emperor, is a poor substitute for the pleasant landlord of the "good old times," who graciously opened your carriage door when you arrived, and bowed smilingly as you departed.

Mr. Josiah Quincy in his charming "Figures of the Past," published in 1883, thus alludes to a journey in February, 1826, from Philadelphia to Washington :

"At three o'clock this morning (February 10, 1826) the light of a candle under the door, and a rousing knock, told me that it was time to depart, and shortly after I left Philadelphia by the Lancaster stage, otherwise a vast illimitable wagon, with seats without backs, capable of holding some sixteen passengers with decent comfort to themselves, and actually encumbered with some dozen more. After riding till eight o'clock, we reached the Breakfast House, where we partook of a good meal, and took up Messrs. Story and Wheaton. We then proceeded through a most beautiful tract of country, where good fences and huge stone barns proved the excellence of the farming. The road seemed actually lined with "Conestoga" wagons, each drawn by six stalwart horses, and laden with farm produce. At Lancaster, the largest inland town in the United States, we changed stages and company. From that place to York our party consisted of Langdon Cheves, formerly President of the United States Bank, Mr. Buchanan, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, Mr. Henry, another member from Kentucky, Judge Story, Mr. Wheaton, and myself. I found the additions rather amusing men, and we rode together till some time after dark, when we reached York, found good accommodations, and ready to turn in, it being about ten o'clock. *February 11.* After being detained till near ten by the non-arrival of the stage from Harrisburg, we started for Baltimore, and, after a tedious ride through a hilly country, and over bad roads, we reached Barnum's at eleven o'clock to-night. We were much fatigued, and wanted to go to bed ; but Barnum, who is a great

friend of Judge Story, and knew him when he (Barnum) kept the Exchange Coffee House in Boston, would keep us for canvas-backs and a bottle of capital wine. We sat talking over these delicacies till near one o'clock."

I remember Mr. Barnum very well—a tall, handsome man with florid face and white hair—and recall a New Year's dinner at his then famous hotel, on which occasion he provided the guests at the table with a generous supply of the "capital wine" referred to by Mr. Quincy. Standing at the head of the long table, all present rising, he wished those present "A Happy New Year," emptied his wine-glass, and then coolly threw it over his shoulder. Being young and inexperienced, I thought it would be the proper thing to send my empty glass in the same direction, but observing that my neighbors clung firmly to their glasses, I wisely refrained. Mr. Dickens in his "Notes" highly commends "Barnum's," and refers to it as the only hotel in America where he found sufficient water with which to perform his ablutions.

I am grieved to think that Mr. Quincy, in his otherwise delightful volume, failed to make mention and grow enthusiastic over Columbia and the broad Susquehanna, and to "praise the bridge that carried him over" to York! I regret, also, that he did not make a similar journey a few years later, when he might have traveled in an elegant, comfortable, and brilliantly painted coach, instead of the "vast illimitable wagon." This, however, might have prevented the sociability made necessary by the rougher conveyance; for I notice that the more luxurious our traveling comforts and conveniences, the more selfish and uncommunicative we



become. As Mr. Quincy remarks, "People who never talked anywhere else, were driven to talk in those old coaches; while a ready conversationalist, like Judge Story, was stimulated to incessant cerebral discharges." Mr. Quincy had made a previous visit to Washington in 1807, and had, perhaps, even a rougher experience than on the later trip in 1826, for he writes: "I well remember the intolerable roads, and the flat-bottomed boats in which we crossed the Hudson and the Susquehanna"; and adds, "The dream of no enthusiast can appear so incredible to us as the prophecy that, within a life then existing, a representative from the Pacific coast might reach Washington with far less fatigue and expense than was incurred by the representative from Boston would have seemed to the gentlemen of powdered hair and pig-tails whom I dimly remember in Washington."

The reference to Judge Story reminds me of the witty Judge Peters, for many years Reporter of the U. S. Supreme Court, who frequently passed through Columbia, on his way to Washington, and generally accompanied by Judges, Senators, Members of Congress, and others interested in Government affairs. I was not old enough to appreciate his bright and witty sayings; but I remember his jovial manner, his fondness for the good things of life, and his thankfulness for the same, as manifested in his cheerful countenance and conversation. He always managed to "keep the table in a roar."

Let me mention the names of others—not as "persons whom I have known," but simply as individuals



whom I have seen—distinguished in various ways, who came and went over the Old Turnpike-Road, and “tarried for a night,” or longer, at the General Washington Tavern, in Columbia.

Among the earliest of these, I remember the celebrated JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, who came to Columbia, I think in 1833, on his way to Philadelphia, where he intended to embark for Europe; but, instead, was taken with a fatal sickness, and died there in a hotel, with none near him but his physician and servant. He was a tall, thin, cadaverous, copper-colored man, looking as if he really might have been, as he claimed to be, a descendant of Pocahontas. His voice, too, was peculiar—shrill and piping. I think, however, that more than the man, more than the voice, his equipage attracted the greatest attention. It was an old, rickety carriage, drawn by four blooded but attenuated horses, driven by a coachman not much darker than Mr. Randolph himself. The traces were of rope, and the harness, generally, very dilapidated. But Mr. Randolph rather delighted in this kind of shabbiness; it was one of his eccentricities. He delighted, too, in saying sharp and sarcastic things. In his ability to do this consisted his great power. But he was an Ishmaelite of the Ishmaelites; and had but few friends. He had, however, some admirers, and there were many who feared him. As is often the case with public men who have obtained a reputation for wit or sarcasm, many sayings, good and bad, were assigned to Randolph that he never uttered. He was not, for instance, the author of the phrase often attributed to him, “A wise and

masterly inactivity"; but he did invent the word "Doughface,"\* and many other expressions that have wounded men and women, friends and foes alike.

A little earlier, in 1832, at the time of the great freshet, when the bridge was destroyed by the crashing ice, the river remained in an apparently impassable condition for several days. Huge blocks of ice had been piled high—thirty to fifty feet—in the narrow gorge several miles below, and the back-water had inundated a portion of the town. It was several feet deep on the front street, while great fields of broken ice filled the river from shore to shore, and entire spans of the old bridge kept circling round and round. Of course, no communication was attempted with the opposite shore. In

\* The celebrated, eccentric John Randolph, as is well known, vehemently opposed the Missouri Compromise; not so much, probably, from any principle involved in that important question, as from his innate aversion to be led by the arguments of a majority, and from his Ishmaelitish nature, which delighted in provoking every man's hand against his own—an inborn aristocrat, and yet, from mere perversity of temper, upholding every leveling project. It was during these acrimonious Compromise debates that he stigmatized the Northerners who voted for that pacificatory measure, as "Doughfaces," which cognomen was long a slogan in party warfare; and it was on this occasion also, that he allowed his peevish antagonism to overpower his gallantry. The floor and gallery of the house were crowded by eager listeners among the fair sex, when Randolph rose, and all looks fastened on his weird figure, as, pointing that long skeleton index-finger toward the ladies, and in his peculiar shrill, squeaking voice he said: "Mr. Speaker, what, pray, are all these women doing here, so out of place in this arena? Sir, they had much better be at home, attending to their knitting!" The reproof, though undeserved, was accepted, and for a few days following the Congressional gladiators received no inspiration from bright eyes.—*William Winston Seaton: A Biographical Sketch.*

this condition of affairs FANNY KEMBLE, on her way to Baltimore, was obliged to remain at Columbia over night, and stopped at my father's house. I saw her first, sitting squarely on the floor of the little parlor, in front of the open Franklin stove piled high with blazing logs. Presently, she rose, not "like an exhalation," but a solid, substantial reality of flesh and blood, a healthy young woman, with very black eyes, an exuberance of dark hair, and a very determined mouth and manner. As yet, no one had ventured to cross the river: but across it, in the morning, she must go; and, after much coaxing and bargaining, two boatmen were found willing to make the attempt. With the Highland Chieftain, when eloping with Lord Ullin's daughter, Miss Kemble may have exclaimed:

" — Boatman, do not tarry !  
And I will give thee a silver pound  
To row me o'er the ferry ! "

Whether she did or not, the little boat with its precious freight succeeded in reaching the farther shore in safety, after almost as perilous, if not so fatal, a passage as that described by Campbell in his beautiful and familiar poem of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." Years after, I saw Miss Kemble, then Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, in Philadelphia, sitting in a crowded court-room, while Rufus Choate, in eloquent and pathetic tones, rehearsed her domestic grievances.

In those days stocks and bonds were not speculated in to the same extent as at present ; and were not bought and sold by telegraph and telephone ; nor did brokers in the East advertise for "puts and calls"; but

even then there was great excitement over the stock of the old UNITED STATES BANK. Lawyers, preachers, merchants, and others, at times, packed the stages to Philadelphia—going thither in person, to investigate for themselves, and, perchance, to purchase shares in what was then esteemed the only safe and reliable banking establishment in the country, as perhaps it was, for it was the only one whose notes were current outside the State. “Wild-cat” banks abounded, but their issues were not taken out of sight of the banking-house. People of any State, if they traveled into another State, or, sometimes, even into an adjoining county or town, were obliged to use the notes of this bank, or load themselves down with gold or silver. “Fips” ( $6\frac{1}{4}$ c.) and “Levies” ( $12\frac{1}{2}$ c.), though battered and defaced, were quite convenient coins, but the Mexican and American dollars were a real nuisance. The bank was, of course, a great convenience, but its prominence, not only in financial but in commercial and political affairs, excited the indignation of General Jackson and Colonel Benton; and when application was made to Congress for a re-charter, the question became a political issue. “Old Hickory” and “Old Bullion” (as Jackson and Benton were respectively called) proved too strong for “Old Nick” (Nicholas Biddle, the President of the Bank), although backed by Clay and Webster; and the bank, as a United States institution, went down; its stock was no longer bought and sold. Its suspension was, at the time, considered by many eminent merchants and statesmen as a serious blow to the prosperity of the country. The country, how-



ever, survived ; prosperity returned, and the currency of that day has been superseded by one that gives universal satisfaction. I presume no one now deplors the failure of the old bank, nor anathematizes Jackson and Benton for bringing about its fall. It seems singular that I, who, when a mere boy, witnessed all the agitation and excitement over this noted institution, should be "in at the death of it" ; for I find, in looking over some old papers, a notice, dated in 1850, to attend a meeting of its last Board of Directors, of which I was a member. The duties were not onerous, and there was no compensation; the Board ("Receiverships," with their catalogues of costs, were hardly known then) was continued, as a matter of form, to keep up the organization until provision could be made for its legal death.

About 1838 the RAINER FAMILY visited Columbia. The quartette consisted of three brothers and a sister. They appeared at their concerts in the brilliant and attractive Tyrolese costume ; and were, withal, most agreeable and ingenuous characters—so innocent, indeed, that they allowed their manager to decamp with all the funds realized by them on their first and very profitable tour through this country. I was particularly delighted with Simon Rainer, a stalwart man, whose bass voice was so powerful that we were obliged to open the windows in our little parlor, to prevent the glass from being shattered to pieces ! I have mentioned this circumstance to several persons, and the story has been received with so much incredulity that I am, sometimes, inclined to doubt its correctness. I believe, however, that my first impressions are right. A few



years ago, I had the good fortune to visit the beautiful Tyrol country, where, of all countries in Europe, the people have preserved their primitive habits and costumes, and I was delighted to see, in my daily walks and drives, the gay, picturesque dresses worn by the Rainers nearly fifty years ago ; and at Jenbach, a little village on the river Inn, I discovered that the last member of the family, Louis Rainer, now an old man, was still living, in ease and affluence, at Achen-see, a "deep, dark blue lake, the finest in the North Tyrol," in the mountains, about six miles beyond, which, with the land surrounding it and a beautiful summer hotel, he owns and controls, and where he dispenses excellent hospitality—for a consideration ! It is pleasant to think that their subsequent trips—two of them—to America were more profitable than the first, and that while these "sweet singers" left none but agreeable memories behind, they took with them that which must have caused them always to think kindly of our land.

Still later, BRAHAM, the renowned English ballad-singer, came to Columbia, and gave a concert in the Lyceum Hall. He was a short, stout man, with curly gray hair and Hebrew features, long past his prime as a vocalist. He was assisted by his son Augustus, who accompanied him on a piano much older than the elder B., and quite as cracked as his voice. He and his son, however, sang with great spirit the duet, "Gallop on, Gallop on Gaily" ; and I shall never forget the manner in which Braham the elder rolled out the refrain in the once famous song :

“ There she lay,  
’Till next day,  
In the Bay —  
Of Biscay, O !

We think now, that we have fallen on evil times; we talk sadly about the excitement and degradation of political life and its asperities, as if previous periods had been devoid of strife and turmoil, and the character of candidates had never been assailed. This is, however, a mistake; we are not worse—if as bad, in that respect—than our predecessors in this and other countries. Even in conservative England, from the “time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” no candidate for political office has been, or is now, safe from villification and abuse;\* and during the

\* Political elections [in England] in the last century were scenes of bacchanalian frenzy, debauchery and corruption. Riots were frequent in all the towns where party spirit raged. Heads were broken, polling-booths were burned, and partisans fought from street to street, like hostile armies on a battle-field. The money spent in electioneering was enormous. Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, who died in 1815, is said to have spent in this way eighty thousand pounds. In the hot contest in 1807, which ended in Wilberforce’s election for Yorkshire—“the Austerlitz of electioneering”—the defeated candidates, Lord Milton and Lascelles, spent, for bringing up voters, a hundred thousand pounds each; and it is stated that the entire contest cost nearly *half a million pounds sterling*! Men kept boroughs then as they now keep a yacht. They invested in them as a speculation, and “cultivated them for sale.” In one of Lord Chesterfield’s letters to his son, he says that he spoke to a borough-monger, and offered him five and twenty hundred pounds “for a secure seat in Parliament”; but “he laughed at my offer, and said that there was no such thing as a borough to be had now, for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least, but many at four thousand; and two or three that he knew of at five thousand.”—*Men, Places, and Things*, p. 318.

first elections under our Constitution, harsher things were uttered in regard to prominent men than we have ever listened to in later days. Washington himself did not escape calumny and slander; and subsequent Presidential candidates, now elevated to a place among the Saints and Fathers, were, in the estimation of their contemporaries, no better than they should be. Those who remember the campaign of 1840 (the days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too") are aware that recent elections are tame and dull and insipid in comparison with that vigorous and violent outbreak of patriotism and injustice, of eulogy and detraction. Martin Van Buren—now esteemed an honest man and cultivated gentleman—was then the "Little Magician," guilty of all sorts of mean and dishonest tricks and practices. His character was held up to scorn, and his house ransacked, that an inventory of his property—his "gold spoons," and silver ornaments, and soiled linen—might be published to the world! General Harrison was "an Old Granny," who had done nothing for his country, had not fought Tecumseh, was a veritable impostor, unworthy the support of "free and independent voters." I regret to say that, although not a voter at that election, I joined most heartily in the abuse, as well as in the fun and the frolic. What a time that was, to be sure! How the bells rang throughout the day, and the bonfires blazed throughout the night! How log cabins were hastily constructed, and "coons" caught to adorn them! And then, the flags that floated from every house, the bands that played in every town! The thousands that thronged the Old Turnpike-Road,

that marched or drove in processions miles in length—some of them with cabins and coons, and hard-cider—reaching almost from Pittsburgh and beyond, to Philadelphia, creating a flame of enthusiasm that swept along the entire route as swiftly and as intense as a prairie-fire ! General Harrison, I remember, preceded by a day or two one of these immense caravans, and stopped at Columbia, where he was received by a great crowd; and, in reply to a speech of welcome by one of our prominent citizens, delivered a long oration, replete with classical allusions, but touching very lightly on the burning questions of the day. His voice was low, and his delivery halting; he was listened to with attention, but heard by few of the audience; and I am inclined to think that, even had they heard, a majority could not, and if they could, cared not to, trace the connection between his Greek and Roman similitudes and the platform of principles so unanimously endorsed by the Convention that nominated him, and so vehemently approved at all the mass-meetings. It was, however, a safe speech—a speech that might, with propriety, have been imitated by certain subsequent military candidates for the Presidency. General Scott's prospects, as we all know, were "dished" by "a hasty plate of soup"; and Hancock, "the Superb," and a Pennsylvanian at that, discovered, too late, that the Tariff was not "merely a local question !"

On one occasion, when the Chesapeake Bay, at Havre-de-Grace, was impassable, on account of an ice-blockade, a large number of Senators and Congressmen spent a night in Columbia, on their way to

Washington. The most conspicuous looking person among them was RUFUS CHOATE. He was then about forty years old, tall and commanding in person, with a dreamy, weird, far-away look; and, as I thought, somewhat unconscious of, or indifferent to, those around him. He had lost this listless appearance when I saw him next, in Philadelphia, several years afterwards, acting as counsel for Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, in the celebrated case of *Butler vs. Butler*. During the trial, which continued several days, he was alert and quick, and fully established his reputation as the most eloquent advocate and best equipped lawyer of New England. Opposed to him were William M. Meredith, colossal in frame as well as in intellect; and George M. Dallas, one of the handsomest men of his day, always faultlessly dressed, erect in figure, florid in face, with an abundance of silvery hair. I remember Mr. Choate, in his speech, alluding to Mr. Dallas as "the Corinthian column on the other side." Mr. Choate's address, delivered with much animation, accompanied by quick, jerky gestures, was, I think, the most eloquent to which I have ever listened. Several letters of Mrs. Butler to her husband were read by Mr. Choate with exquisite pathos and wonderful effect. Mr. Choate took copious notes during the trial, on large, long sheets of paper; and when he delivered his speech the pile of paper before him was a foot or more high. He seemed to refer frequently to these sheets, but I doubt if he himself could decipher the strange hieroglyphics with which they were covered. I have reason to believe this, from the difficulty I experienced



in discovering the contents of a short note I once had the honor to receive from him. Several years before—the first year he was in the Senate of the United States, as the successor of Mr. Webster—the Columbia lads had organized what they were pleased to call the “Miniature U. S. Senate”—the members representing the different States of the Union—in which bills were introduced, and where, with great gravity, we discussed the Tariff, and other measures of National importance. I took the liberty of representing Massachusetts in that august body; and, with the “audacity of youth,” wrote Mr. Choate a long letter, giving him the details of our organization, and telling him that I “stood for him in *our* Senate.” To my great surprise, I received, within a few days, a wonderful looking letter, which, after much puzzling, I deciphered; it read as follows :

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND :

“I am glad to hear of your organization, and pleased to learn that the State of Massachusetts is so ably represented in the ‘Miniature Senate of Columbia.’ When you come to represent the great State of Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States, you will, I trust, bear in mind the interests of your present constituents.”

Mr. Choate favored me with Public Documents as long as he remained in the Senate.

It is needless for me to say that Mr. Choate’s suggestion was never realized, inasmuch as I left, at an early day, the dear old Keystone for the Empire State, where I soon and easily lost the Quaker boldness and audacity, so peculiar to Pennsylvanians; and, with equal facility, acquired the modest, retiring manner so char-

acteristic of New Yorkers—a manner entirely inconsistent with political aspirations!

A little later on, JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN, of Georgia—who filled many prominent positions in his native State, was Attorney - General of the United States, and three times elected to the U. S. Senate—traveled over the Old Turnpike-Road to Columbia. He was one of the most amiable and estimable men—I think the most gentle gentleman I ever met. I remember driving Mr. Berrien, in an old-fashioned “gig,” resembling, I suppose, Dr. Holmes’s celebrated “one hoss shay,” to Mount Joy, a village about six or eight miles distant, where his niece was attending school—the Cedar Hill Seminary! It was to me a most delightful drive, consuming a good deal of time, as I allowed “Old Sorrell” to go at his “own sweet will”—Mr. Berrien admiring and commenting upon the fields of waving grain, the numerous and sparkling streams, the old brick and stone mills, the big barns, the patches of woods, and the general appearance of prosperity and plenty, while I, boy-like, drank in all he said. It was a very hot day, and I remember suggesting to him, with great timidity, that, coming from the far-off South, he must be accustomed to much warmer weather. “No,” he replied, “you have much warmer weather here in the North than we have, but not so much of it. All this wheat and oats and corn that you see around us must ripen; and your seasons, being shorter, must, necessarily, be hotter in order to bring this vegetation to perfection.” The observation was, as I have since discovered, commonplace enough, but I then thought it contained

great wisdom, and I was charmed to think that so great a man should take such pains to enlighten a mere lad who was driving him along a country road. Mr. Berrien's words were recalled to me, many years after, during a short sojourn in the White Mountains, by a week of the hottest weather I ever encountered; the thermometer mounting with easy facility to  $102^{\circ}$  in the shade, and reminding me of the expressive, if not elegant, stanza of a western poet:

“The day was hot as a Hottentot,  
And brazen was the sky:  
And some of the people went into the steeple,  
To see the big bel-fry!”

Here, too, came DANIEL WEBSTER and his wife, on their annual journey from the Old Bay State to Washington. I think they must have become familiar with the route. They traveled, in early days, in their own conveyance. I remember their carriage and coachman—the former a bright yellow, with a wooden bucket (New Englanders say *pail*) underneath—the latter black as night! Mr. Webster was, at that time, in his prime—his hair rivaling his marvelous eyes in blackness, his form erect, his countenance rather stern than attractive. A most noticeable man! I can well understand why Carlyle called him “a magnificent specimen,” and Macaulay spoke of him as “a steam-engine in breeches,” adding that “even the coal-heavers turned to look at him” as he walked the streets of London. I frequently saw Mr. Webster later on, in Philadelphia, generally attired in a claret-colored coat with brass buttons, and wearing a disreputable-looking hat, but

always looking "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." Finally I saw him in Washington in 1851, the year before his death, and shortly after General Scott had received the Whig nomination for the Presidency, a nomination which Mr. Webster had fondly hoped to secure. A number of Pennsylvanians, who were at the Capital at the time, called upon him, in a body, at his house. The deputation was conducted to the Reception-room, into which descended the stairway from above. Down this winding stairway, holding tightly to the railing, came Mr. Webster slowly, looking thin, pale, and careworn, almost statue-like, his dark, cavernous eyes ("sleeping furnaces," Carlyle called them) the only indication of vitality within. A sad, solemn, I think a broken-hearted man, certainly a disappointed one. He was introduced to all the party, and as each member of it grasped his hand, he inquired of what county in Pennsylvania he was a native; and I was surprised at his intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of the people, as well as the geographical information he possessed in regard to all parts of the State. He had evidently made this a study; and, doubtless, was just as well informed concerning the specialties of other States and counties. Mr. Webster, it was evident to all of us, was a very sick man; but, before leaving, he, in his magnificent manner, waved us to an adjoining room, where a bountiful entertainment had been hastily prepared.

During this visit to Washington, our party paid their respects to GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, who had recently secured the Whig nomination for the Presi-

dency, and was, of course, buoyant and hopeful and hospitable. He, too, was a "magnificent specimen" of a man; but "one star differs from another star in glory." He was very unlike Mr. Webster, and did not impress me in the same way. He lacked the dignity and grandeur of Webster. Whatever General Scott may have been at the head of a brigade—and, doubtless, he made a splendid appearance on parade—he seemed, notwithstanding his immense stature, small in comparison with the grand figure we had just looked upon for the last time. Still, there was something very winning and attractive in General Scott's manner; and I was especially charmed and flattered when he threw his arms around me, and, with the greatest ease, lifted me from the floor—and kissed me! I ought to say to those who have only known me in recent years, that when this occurred, I was much younger, and infinitely lighter—a mere "feather-weight"—than I am now! I may, perhaps, be permitted also to observe that there are kisses and kisses!

At the same time we called on MR. CLAY, but, unfortunately for us, he was not at home. Mr. Clay, as far as I remember, never visited Columbia; but it is possible that he may have more than once passed over the Old Turnpike-Road, and through the town, *en route* to Philadelphia, where, at a later period, I frequently saw him. He was a great favorite in that city. It mattered not whether he came as a Presidential candidate or as a private citizen, his appearance was hailed with enthusiasm, vast crowds following him in the day-time, and, at night blocking the streets in



front of his temporary residence, to serenade him, and to listen, perhaps, to a word or two from his eloquent lips.

At the "Henry Clay Ball," given by the young Whigs of Philadelphia, in the Musical Fund Hall—a most brilliant affair—Mr. Clay was present during the entire evening, and, as usual, fascinated ladies and gentlemen alike by his courtesy and courtliness.

On another occasion, shortly after the death of his favorite son, in battle in Mexico, Mr. Clay was the guest of his intimate friend, Mr. Henry White, in Walnut Street, Philadelphia. The street, not only in front of the house, but for two or three blocks, was packed with an enthusiastic crowd. The band played, and the people shouted for Mr. Clay. But it was late—it was a Saturday night—Mr. Clay was exhausted by his long journey. So said his friends, who appeared from time to time, and vainly attempted to quiet the eager throng. Still they persisted, and, at length, near midnight, Mr. Clay came to the window, his tall form enveloped in a blanket, looking for all the world like an Indian chief. The uproar ceased at once: "Gentlemen," he said, and his clear, clarion-like voice could be distinctly heard by all the multitude, "I am here on no political errand; I came to your hospitable city to visit my old friend, who knew and loved my son, but recently fallen in battle. I have had a tedious and tiresome journey. I want rest. It is very late. The Sabbath is near at hand. I thank you very, very much for this kind reception; but may I ask you to go home? May you sleep well, and may you all go to church, as I expect to do, in the morning!"

Every one took the advice, and went home, quietly and orderly. I presume they slept well, for every one, it seemed, "rose up early in the morning," and every one tried to obtain admittance to the church that Mr. Clay attended. I was more fortunate than many others, and secured standing-room in a conspicuous position where I could see all that occurred. Good Dr. Ducachet was, apparently, in great trouble. He had no assistant, and hurried through the service, and into the pulpit as the distinguished visitor entered the church. Mr. Clay wore a long, dark blue cloak, lined with red, one end of the garment thrown carelessly over the left shoulder so as to fully display the scarlet lining. His was an imposing figure, and, as he strode up the aisle, and before he was seated, Dr. Ducachet, in a loud and excited voice, announced the text: "There is a Lion in the way; *there is a Lion in the way!*" The whole scene was startling, and, as I afterwards thought, rather theatrical. But in those days sensationalism in the pulpit did not exist, and I cannot now believe there was any pre-arrangement. Indeed, there was nothing sensational about the sermon but the text, nor any allusion whatever to Mr. Clay. But the scene after the sermon was indeed sensational. The audience rose *en masse*; the people filled the aisles, and stood on the seats; men pressed forward to shake hands, and women crowded to the front, to be kissed! while the recipient of this strange and unexpected ovation sought in vain to escape from the church. Philadelphia may be a quiet place; Bostonians and New Yorkers think it dead; but it is "a very lively corpse" whenever a distin-

guished man is to be honored, or a patriotic event is to be commemorated. In regard to Mr. Clay, however, Philadelphia was not exceptional, for the whole country, and people of every political complexion, rose up to do him honor. He was far from handsome : he had a large and homely mouth, and eyes not at all remarkable ; but there was a grace in his movements, a fascination in his manner, and a music in his voice that was irresistible with men and women. I presume there can be now no question as to the intellectual superiority of Mr. Webster over Mr. Clay ; but the latter carried the hearts of the people by storm. Mr. Webster was like a granite monument, Mr. Clay was a "human man"! We *admired* Daniel Webster, but we LOVED "Harry" Clay ; and "fair women and brave men" cried like children when he failed to win the Presidential prize in 1844 !

"There were giants in those days"; certainly—as there are giants at the present time ; but they are not so easily recognizable, because we ourselves behold them from a higher plane. After admiring the Alps, or the Andes, we think our home mountains low and insignificant, forgetting that we have to ascend, gradually, five or six thousand feet before we can view them. And, as with material and visible things, so with estimates of the intellectual attainments of our contemporaries. There are no living saints ! It is not true that "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The dog must first be declared mad, and then stoned to death, before he can be placed upon a pedestal and canonized ! The good and the great are either dead or distant ! We magnify the mountains and make green the hills

that are far-off! We go to the past, or beyond the confines of our own country, for subjects of eulogy!

It may be that we have inherited the Athenian modesty which prompted the generals of that ancient Republic, when asked who among them was the greatest commander, to reply that Themistocles stood *second* on the list, but declined to indicate by words the *first*! And if to-day we were to inquire of our professional brethren as to the first general, or statesman, or preacher, or orator, or lawyer, or physician among them, the distinguished ornament of any or all of these professions would, without doubt, point you to some extinguished light or some distant luminary! Not being a professional man, I am free to declare, and proud to believe, that we have now in this country—perhaps undeveloped—as eloquent divines, as able generals, as consummate orators, as expert physicians, as learned lawyers, as skillful and scientific engineers, as can be found the world over; and as for our statesmen—so much and so unjustly decried—well, they have been always equal to the emergency, and have made our beloved country the foremost nation on the globe!

Still, the fond and natural desire to look back—back to the hills that are green—continues; and this paper is only another evidence of that feeling.

“Anthems still live, almost unknown;  
There’s many an ancient trumpet tone  
Still heard, although no longer blown!”

And I have been simply trying, in these imperfect pages, to catch and repeat to you some of the echoes—

echoes that "grow faint and fainter still" as the years go by.

Most of the personages herein mentioned have disappeared from the scene :

" Their swords are rust,  
Their bodies dust :  
Their souls ? are with the saints—  
I trust."

The few who remain "lag, superfluous, on the stage." The horns have ceased to sound ; the "bells on the horses" are no longer heard ; the coaches and wagons—"the chariots and the horsemen thereof"—have vanished away ; but the OLD TURNPIKE-ROAD, "with here and there a traveler," still survives, still winds its way amid green fields and under wide-spreading trees, through the quiet valleys, and "over the hills and far away"—down, down the slope, on the other side—to the River !





















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